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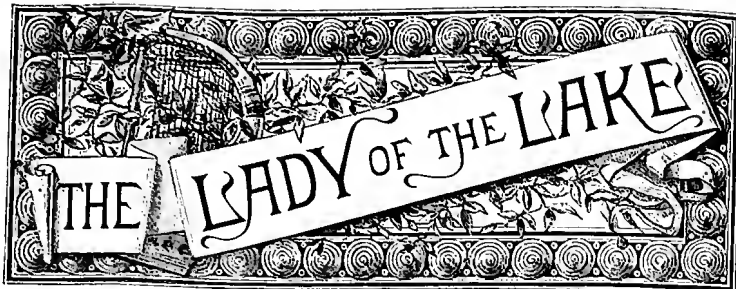
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LADIES' FLORAL CABINET.

Volume XI.

DECEMBER, 1882.

No. 12.

The Christmas Guest.

A TALE OF LONG AGO.

NIGHT in the Baron's castle,
Night on the windy moor,
The best of nights for the very rich
And the worst for the very poor;
For the Yule-log blazed in the ancient hold,
And the begger shrank from the biting cold.

The Baron's only daughter,
The little Lady Grace,
Was better dressed than any guest
And fairer in the face;
But never a thought of pride had she,
As they gayly danced round the Christmas-tree.



When lo! an ill-clad
stranger
Stood in the firelight's
glow;
His head was bare, his
golden hair
All wet with melting
snow.
"Whence comest thou?"
the children cried,
But only a dim, sweet
smile replied.

"It is the little Christ-child,"
Low spoke the Lady Grace.
"I dreamed last night that a halo bright
Shone round that very face.
And he said: "Be sure you have eyes to see,
For I shall stand by your Christmas-tree."

So, when they spread the table,
A chair I bade them set
At my right hand for a guest more grand
Than all assembled yet.
And my mother said, when the servant
smiled:

"'Tis the second sight. Obey the child."

Then all the noisy children
Were silent for a space ;
But no one heard him speak a word,
Though the smile grew on his face,
Till they saw a halo pure and faint
Round the stranger's head, like a pictured saint.

In strides the stately Baron,
To view the children's cheer.
"Who has the place by the Lady Grace?
How came a beggar here?"
Said the Lady Grace: "God pardon thee!
The little Christ-child dines with me."

The baron staggers backward
And smites upon his breast.
Before him stands, with clasped hands,
One more unbidden guest.
"Hast thou come back here from the dead,
Grace, my sister Grace?" he said.

"They told you falsely, brother.
Seven years ago to-day,
With a father's blame and a blighted name,
I left this castle gray:
But at Christmas-time of every year
I have stood outside, I have seen you here.

"My son comes always with me.
Or else I could not come.
He will ever be like a babe to me,

For he is deaf and dumb.
He slipped from sight when my head was bowed,
And I saw him next in the youthful crowd.

"Among the happy children
I left my smiling boy,
For light and heat and enough to eat
Are all he can enjoy;
But I'll take him now, I will go away,
And will come no more on the Christmas Day."

"Nay, then," replied the Baron,
"Thou shalt not go again.
Thy seven years of toil and tears
Amid the scorn of men
Are enough, in sooth, for a lifetime long;
And we've all done wrong—we have all done
wrong."

Then followed hearty greeting,
Where people wept and smiled:
And the Lady Grace, with a warm embrace,
Welcomed the silent child.
But she wept that night on her mother's breast
That the Christ-child had not been her guest.

"Nay, grieve thee not, my daughter,
The Christ of God has come;
But he chooses to speak through a woman weak
And a child who is deaf and dumb,
And 'as ye have done,' in the Book saith He,
'To the least of mine, ye have done to me.'"

—[Selected.

THE GLADIOLUS.

[THE following essay was read before the New York Horticultural Society by C. L. Allen, (*Horticultural Ed. of the CABINET*) of Garden City, N. Y. As there are so many inquiries as to the history and cultivation of this popular flower, we publish it in full.]

The *Gladiolus* belongs to the Nat. Ord: *Iridaceæ*, and is composed of nearly sixty species, that are, with but few exceptions, natives of the Cape of Good Hope. The species are remarkable for ease of culture, grace of habit, beautiful forms of flowers and intense coloring, ranging from the most vivid scarlet to pure white, from clear rose to pure yellow, and bright purple; in many of the species the colors are happily and singularly blended. The habits of the species are as varied as their colors, some delicate and light, others strong and robust, with constitutions adapted to any climate excepting the more frigid. Owing to the remarkable hybrids that have been produced, but few of the species are found under cultivation excepting in botanical collections. A few of them are, and should be, grown more extensively, among the number is *G. communis*. This species is found pretty generally distributed throughout the south of Europe; it consists of three varieties, white, rose, and purple, all perfectly hardy, of easy culture, and desirable on account of their early flowering. They are of dwarf habit, the flower spikes rarely exceed two feet in height. They should be planted in Autumn, any time from September until November, and need not be dis-

turbed or re-planted for a number of years—not until they fail to flower freely, which they are liable to do if the mass becomes too thick; in some soils they increase very fast, producing immense quantities of offsets that flower the second year. A small clump will produce a large number of flower-spikes in June, a season when choice flowers are scarce. *G. Byzantium*, another perfectly hardy species, is a native of Turkey. This species is particularly desirable in the border, as it is free-flowering, and when once planted may remain many years without separating, as it produces so few offsets that it requires a long time to become troublesome from crowding. Both these species dislike shade and require an airy as well as a sunny situation for a perfect development of flower.

G. Ramosus, the Branching Gladiolus, is unquestionably the finest species of the genus. In the size and beauty of its flowers it yields the palm to none, and on account of its peculiarly branching habit, it may be considered the most ornamental. In favorable situations, the flower-stems will grow five feet high, and produce a succession of flowers from June until August. The flowers are very large, well opened, and of good shape. Color, rosy blush, with heavy carmine stains on the three lower petals. The leaves are proportionately large and handsome, and the whole plant forms a magnificent object when given plenty of room for its development. The bulbs should be planted in the Fall, in a dry, sandy

loam, and the bed protected from frost by generous mulching. The Dutch were the first to introduce this species from the Cape; they gave a number of varieties, from which have been produced a large number of hybrids, or more properly, cross-breeds, as they all seem to have the same specific character, differing only slightly in the color of the flowers.

We cannot dwell longer upon the description or history of the species, as the time allotted will not permit; besides, it was only our intention to speak of what is generally known as hybrid or garden varieties. From several of the species, some of the most remarkable hybrids have been produced. In no branch of floriculture has the skill, the zeal, and the perseverance of the hybridizer been more liberally rewarded. Several separate and distinct classes, with almost unlimited numbers of varieties, have been produced, that for the size of flower, beauty and grace in form, variety, depth and intensity of color, size and strength of plant, together with the enormous length of flower-spike, are entirely unknown to the species from which these hybrids have originated.

The first and most important, as well as the most popular class, are the hybrids of *Gandavensis*, itself a hybrid, and the parent of varieties innumerable.

The hybridization of any popular tribe, when it is attended with so little labor in proportion to results produced, as in this class, is speedily carried on to an extent which render characteristic distinctions indefinable; and, perhaps, the introduction of numberless names which necessarily arise out of such a circumstance, is to be regretted, as occasioning difficulty and labor beyond what most cultivators are disposed to submit to. For the purposes of sale, however, and, also, to enable the producer to recommend very desirable sorts to dealers and amateurs, it is essential that every seedling or variety that is at all worthy of being perpetuated, should have a distinctive name.

As we have before stated, the many hundred named garden varieties of *Gladiolus* are descendants of *G. gandavensis*; but how and where this hybrid was produced, has been for a long time an open question. Why, we never could understand, for we have the word of one of the most prominent horticulturists in the world, the late Louis Van Houtte, whose word was authority on anything pertaining to the history of plants, that it was a seedling raised in the garden of the Duke of Arenberg, a celebrated amateur, in Ghent, and that it was the result of a cross between the species *Cardinalis* and *Psittacinus*. This we should consider a full settlement of the question. Not so, however, for the late Hon. and Rev. Wm. Herbert, an acknowledged authority on bulbs, says Mr. Van Houtte is in error, for after repeated attempts to hybridize the two, he, Mr. Herbert, could not succeed, consequently it could not be done, and what Mr. Van Houtte said had been done, was a mistake; and all the English writers and their American copyists agree in saying with Mr. Herbert, that the origin of *G. gandavensis* is obscure. We think that reasoning better adapted to 1840 than the present day, as some of our own people, even, are vain enough to think that results may be produced that the Dean of Manchester could not accomplish. There is no question, however, as to the fact that to *G. gandavensis* we are indebted for all our fine garden varieties, as it not only crosses freely

with many of the species, and each cross seems to possess merits superior to either parent, but seedlings raised from this variety, without cross-fertilization or hybridizing, show marked superiority of form and color over the parent. It is a common mistake to call our many varieties *hybrids*, when they are in reality cross-breeds; and this is one of the most interesting features in the culture, that every cross between well-known varieties tend in almost every case to improve, not only the beauty of the flower, but the vigor of the plant.

We wish now to remove, as far as possible, the prevalent erroneous idea, that it is a difficult task to raise new and choice varieties from seed. The only secret—the only mystery—is that one can, with so little trouble and with relatively no expense, produce flowers that will give such intense satisfaction and pleasure. It is no more trouble to raise *Gladioli* from seed than to raise the most common vegetable; with the simplest garden culture there is an almost absolute certainty of success. Prepare your bed in Spring as for any hardy annual; the soil should be made fine, and comparatively rich; sow the seed in drills, cover to the depth of one inch; hoe and weed sufficient to keep the soil light and clean; take up the bulbs after the first frost or before, if ripe; store during the Winter in a dry cellar or room, free from frost; plant them out again in the Spring following, and in the ensuing Summer very many of them will flower. With the convenience of a hot-bed, or frame, bulbs may be produced from seed in one season that will very nearly all flower the second. It will require a little more care and trouble to grow in this way, but the increase in the size of the bulb will more than pay the extra cost. One of the chief advantages, however, in sowing in a frame is that in case of a heavy storm, the young plants may be protected by the sash, that during all heavy rains should be kept closed, as the young plants rarely recover after the leaves have been bruised or broken down.

We know of no pleasure in gardening that is equal to the growing of this class of plants from seed. The certainty of getting some remarkably fine varieties is well balanced by some that are decidedly uninteresting, with an occasional one so homely as to excite pity and cause us to tender our sympathies to the afflicted parents. Upon the whole, when proper care is exercised in the selection of seed, a marked improvement may be expected. The fact that the best rarely flower first, will tend to create in the amateur a warm and watchful interest. A pertinent and common question is, how to obtain the best seed? Simply by making a careful selection of the best varieties under cultivation. If an amateur, make a selection that suits your own taste, as you are not bound by society's rules as to what constitutes the perfect flower—keeping in view those of the best form, largest size, and of the most intense and positive colors; whenever they are marked or variegated, have the markings bold and distinct. Plant not more than six inches apart each way. Without further care you will get some good seed. A better quality and a far greater quantity will be obtained by cross-fertilization, which may be effected in all sorts of ways, or, rather, by every practical cross. This is the most effectually done on a dry day, when there is but little air stirring. It is not absolutely necessary to cross-fertilize for good varieties; neither are you sure of success if you do, though

it is probably the more certain way in the line of improvement. Yet, very many of our most valued seedlings were accidentals, and each year produces varieties with colors and markings entirely new, but not at all times desirable—by leaving this part of the work to the bees.

The Gladioli dislikes a stiff, clayey soil, but will thrive well in almost any other; its preference being for one of a moist, sandy nature, or light loam. They do best on sod ground, with but little manure, and that well rotted; successive plantings on the same ground should be avoided; change the locality of the bed so as not to return to the same spot for at least three years. It is the better plan to make your ground very rich for some light crop this year, then plant Gladiolus on it next: this plan cannot, however, be conveniently carried out in small gardens.

Increase of desirable sorts is effected by the small bulbs or bulblets that form at the base of the new bulb; these are produced in greater or less quantities for some cause or causes that we do not understand. Some varieties will average a hundred per year, others will produce scarcely any; this will in a great measure account for the marked difference in the prices of the named sorts; it will also account for the rapid increase of the more common varieties and the sudden disappearance of these greatly prized. Choice sorts are usually short lived unless they are increased by the bulblets. In many of our named sorts old bulbs will not produce good flowers, if, indeed, they produce any; consequently the bulblets of all favorite sorts should be saved and planted each Spring; at least a sufficient number of them for a required stock. The question is frequently asked: "Do the varieties sport or return to the type, or do the white and yellow grounds put on the scarlet?" To all such queries we say No, most emphatically. "But then," continues the querist, "how is it that now all mine are red? The first year or two of my growing them the collection was superb, the best I could get; now they are not worth growing." I will tell you. The light colors have less vitality, as a rule, than the dark ones, consequently do not rapidly reproduce; and, like delicate, beautiful children, are short lived. On the contrary, most of the older red varieties are nearer the type and possess healthy, strong constitutions, and increase with great rapidity.

I have planted small bulbs of the variety *Brenchleyensis*, not larger than peas, and in the Fall have taken from them more than two hundred well-ripened bulblets. From a *Shakespeare*, a variety that never flowers well excepting from young bulbs or many others of that class, I should consider myself fortunate if I could get a dozen. The explanation is, the rare kinds die out; the more common ones multiply so rapidly that quantity is kept intact at the expense of quality. It is impossible to keep up a good variety unless you grow them on from bulblets, or buy your stock from year to year from those who do.

The bulblets may be sown in early Spring in any convenient out-of-the-way place in the garden, and given the same treatment as recommended for the seed. If

in good soil they will, with proper attention, nearly all flower the second year. The first season they require but little room; make your drills the width of a common garden hoe, and about two inches deep; sow the bulblets so close that they will nearly touch each other, and they will do much better than if more scattered. Take up in the Autumn after the first frost, carefully dry and pack away during the Winter.

The planting should be made as early in Spring as the ground can be got in order; no matter if there should be hard frosts after, it will not penetrate the ground sufficient to injure them. For late flowering, reserve some of the stronger bulbs until the first of July, which will keep back their flowering until about the first of October.

There is another important point in the cultivation of the Gladiolus that will apply equally well to the cultivation of all other flowers and plants, a point upon which success or failure usually turns, a point upon which more questions are asked than upon all others,—it is, "What is the best fertilizer?" The importance of the question cannot, should not, be overlooked. I have tried bones of all denominations: bones in their natural state, bones crushed, bones powdered, bones dissolved with sulphuric and muriatic acid, bone phosphates and superphosphates. They are all very good and valuable aids; but when united with sinew and applied to the hoe, bone becomes *magnum bonum*. Muck, leaf-mold, peat, are all good. Guano of the various brands, and the soil called "night," have their advocates—in the merchant. But for bulb culture, all the named stimulating manures are dangerous and should not be used. It is true some of these manures will give the flowers colors and size wonderfully magnified, as stimulating food will the individual whose countenance has blossoms that rival the Rose, though not the blooms of health. My experience has been that bulbs produced with such help are diseased and short-lived, and, in fact, I think more city and suburban gardens are ruined by applying plant-food that plants cannot use than from all other causes put together—I think I may safely include the gardeners. The object of manure is to return to the soil those elements that go to produce plant-life, and which have to an extent been exhausted by the previous crop. For that purpose there is nothing that will take the place of well-rotted turf; it is to the soil what bread is to the individual—the staff of life; it produces plants healthful, strong, vigorous and clean, instead of worms and aphids. For small gardens, where what is termed "a rest" is impracticable, it is invaluable and has no substitute. The next best for flowers is the manure from the cow-stable, which should be well-rotted; they may be used together to good advantage. In this connection let me say that I mean these remarks to apply to small gardens only, as turf could not be got in sufficient quantities for general use; for that stable manure occupies the first place among fertilizers, as it contains the largest number of ingredients to sustain plant-life and in the greatest variety of form. In ordinary gardening there is but little, if any, danger of using too much—that is, when it is evenly distributed.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms rare and sweet
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah! let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!
—[Selected



JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

NEW YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER MEETING.

THE monthly exhibition of the Society, held at their rooms in Republican Hall, on the 14th, was well attended, and though the main objects exhibited were

CHRYSANTHEMUMS,

the results were quite satisfactory. Of this popular Autumn flower there was a large and very fine display.

For plants in pots, there were but two rivals, which, upon the whole, was fortunate, for their large exhibits were about all the limited room could accommodate. These rivals, were, Wm. Barr, Esq., of Orange, N. J., one of our most enthusiastic amateurs, and a gentleman ever ready to contribute wealth to taste. The other

was Messrs. Hallock & Thorpe, of Queens, N. Y. Both displays were not only creditable, but superb. The former with smaller plants, and not grown for exhibition purposes, carried off the first prize for the best twelve varieties. The latter made a far greater display, but was deficient in two or three varieties, conspicuous in Mr. Barr's collection, and which gave him the premium. His twelve were, *Antonius*, *Meteor*, *Souvenir de Mercedes*, *Grandiflora*, *Bouquet National*, *Magnum Bonum*, *Fair Maid of Guernsey*, *M. Fittora*, *Mongalsur*, *Shogakks*, *Chang* and *Jessica*.

For the best six specimens in pots, Messrs. Hallock & Thorpe took the first premium, and Mr. Barr the second. For the best six Japanese varieties, the premiums were awarded to the same exhibitors, in the same order. Of this class, there were some magnificent specimens in both collections, auspicious among them was the *Golden Dragon*, a plant in a ten-inch pot, bearing hundreds of pure golden yellow flowers, many of them more than four inches in diameter. The beauty of this class, warrants the illustration, which we give in this number.

Messrs. Hallock & Thorpe exhibited twenty new varieties of double and single Zonale Pelargoniums, all of which were remarkably fine. For a fine double variety, named Mrs. Langtry, with a large, perfect truss of well-opened earmine flowers, a Certificate of Merit was awarded. A single flowered variety, named Cygnet, with pure white flowers, of large size, was remarkably fine.

C. E. Parnell, exhibited very fine Maria Louise voilets, Billbergia, and Hibiscus Chinensis. John Finn, Esq., of Tremont, showed a large collection of greenhouse plants, consisting of Palms in variety, Crotons, etc., etc., all well-grown, and in perfect condition.

Wm. H. Clements, gardener to Mrs. M. J. Morgan, showed a small, but choice collection of Orchids, including a fine specimen of *Vanda Coerulea*, *Cattleya Devoniensis*, and several varieties of *Cypripediums*.

James Taplin, Esq., of Maywood, N. J., showed fine blooms of *Maxillaria Lehmanni*, *Cattleya Elderado*, and a new seedling *Chrysanthemum*, called "Maywood," a single variety with pure white flowers, a very fine plant; although a new seedling, we cannot see wherein it differs from the old *Chrysanthemum Speciosa*.

John Henderson, Esq., of Flushing, N. Y., showed the first Lilacs and Roman Hyacinths of the season. The Lilacs coming so early, leaves us in doubt as to whether they belong to the past or coming season.

Edward Huckins, Esq., of West Mt. Vernon, N. Y., exhibited three remarkably fine bunches of *Barbarossa* Grapes, a hot-house variety, weighing about three pounds each.

A new *Coleus*, *Brilliant*, with a crimson centre, bordered with maroon, and edged with green, occasionally blotched with yellow, one of the most distinct and positively marked varieties yet introduced, was exhibited by A. F. Chatfield, Esq., of Albany, N. Y.

ABOUT ROSES.

SOUTH Africa, the native home of the Gladioli, and countless Cape bulbs, must be a very paradise of flowers. Lady Barker gives an enchanting description of the extravagant profusion with which nature lavishes her choicest gifts in that favored clime. Her garden at Natal would have driven a methodical gardener mad by its complicated and bewildering confusion, while at the same time a poet or painter would have gone into raptures over its wild beauty and opulent luxuriance. They, happy mortals ever endowed with longing aspirations for perfect beauty, and instinctive powers to detect it, would not have failed to pronounce it the beautiful of a garden. Flowers of every hue, filling the air with delicious odors, ran riot in these enchanted grounds uncurbed by art, they grew at their own sweet will, whilst over all Roses reigned supreme. Roses, Roses everywhere, climbing up in fruit trees, oaks and willows, clinging to branches, hanging in swaying festoons and drooping garlands, forming netted curtains of Roses, red, white, crimson, yellow, and every intermediate shade. Moss Roses, Banksian Roses, Teas, Noisettes, Bengal, Bourbon, China, and last, though not least, the grand old Cabbage Rose, the sweetest, sturdiest and most fragrant of them all. Walks bordering with massive hedges, ten feet in height, of *Souvenir de la Malmaison* and *Cloth-of-Gold*, a blaze of bloom, bearing thousands of their exquisite flowers, so uniformly perfect and regular in shape, that plucked at random they would have served as exhibition specimens. Just fancy *Souvenir de la Malmaison* growing in the open air to the height of ten feet; and we are to keep in mind that,

added to this, the size, beauty, and fragrance of these roses were in perfect keeping with the rampant and prodigious growth. Such extraordinary vigor seems almost fabulous when we (exasperating thought) are forced to be content with stunted subjects scarce attaining, in the open ground, as many inches in a single season, in our bleak clime. Perhaps France, or at least the extreme south of that sunny land, can offer the nearest approach to so prodigal a display; for we are told that at Cannes, Nice, and especially at Hyeres, the very road-sides are all aglow with Bangals, *Gloire de Rosomanes* and other Roses, that with us are of fragile delicacy. There *Hermosa*, *Safrano*, *Lamarque*, *Isabelle*, *Nabonnand* and many others attain, in a single season, dimensions that with us would require years of greenhouse culture to achieve. In that enchanted land no cruel blighting frosts come to blast alike, with one fell swoop, the buds and hopes of trusting rosarians. The blooming season is prolonged into January to recommence a month later. Happy Hyeres, whose very wild flowers we are only too glad to give an honored place in our less favored gardens. There the Tulip, Anemone and Narcissus grow wild along the roadsides. For shade trees they have the Olive, Palms and Eucalyptus, the latter loaded with snowy blossoms in January. Even the most prosaic necessities of life are transformed into rarest poetry; for the fuel with which they boil the kettle is composed of—Myrtle and Oleander! Under such circumstances the kettle is duty bound to sing with a lyric melody quite unknown to us, warmed as it is by such aesthetic firewood. No parallel can be found for

the use of such transcendental fuel except in Persia, where, owing to the absence of other grosser material, and an abundance of the yellow *Rosa Simplicifolia*, this latter is in common use to heat the ovens of that romantic eastern land. In Hyeres the *Opuntia*, *Dracæna* and *Yucca* assume the stature of trees. Orange and Lemon

groves abound. The *Passiflora*, *Bougainvillea* and *Tacsonia* climb the stately Olive trees and crown the highest roofs. The Cactus, Agave, *Echeveria*, *Euphorbia* and—But this is degenerating into ordinary gossip; ours should be Rose. F. LANCE.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

GARDENING FOR DECEMBER.



UT little, if any, work remains to be done in the garden. We take it for granted every plant is secure in its Winter quarters, there to remain until called for by the herald of Spring. There is, however, in many sections an important work to be commenced, and carried on vigorously, viz.: the destruction of field-mice, one of the greatest enemies the gardener has to contend with. For their destruction we know of no better plan than feed them liberally with corn "sugar-coated" with arsenic and molasses. The best way of reaching them is to make small piles of coarse litter or straw, about one hundred feet apart; under this put a small handful of poisoned corn—a simple operation and one that is sure to destroy the enemy. This remedy should not be applied until after the ground is hard frozen up.

This month is invariably fraught with danger to our special objects of delight, house plants. Two agents of destruction are constantly at work, and will succeed unless skillfully met; these agents are frost and water. During the entire Winter season, or rather from the beginning of November to the end of the following March, these agents, whose operations upon plants are to be dreaded when carried beyond certain limits, must be promptly checked, or what is better, guarded against.

The effect of frost upon plants is too palpable to be noticed at any length; not so, however, with moisture, and we are particularly anxious to attract attention to this point.

If it be philosophically true as a moral axiom, that a treacherous and insidious acquaintance is more to be suspected and feared than a candid, deliberate, avowed enemy; it is no less correct that water is more dangerous

to plants in Winter than frost, because its bad consequences are less evident. Much moisture at this season, whether it be in the form of vapor or water, occasions both positive and indirect injury. It is positive inasmuch as it causes the destruction of the leaves, stems, and roots of all plants in which those members are in a susceptible or succulent condition; and indirect as affording the sole means through which frost can act.

No water whatever should be supplied to plants unless the soil be quite dry, and then only in moderate quantities; nor should air at any time be admitted, save when tolerably free from moisture; but gentle, drying winds that are not too cold, should be allowed the freest circulation, as these are productive of incalculable benefit. In managing all kinds of house-plants during this month, one simple and common rule will be almost of itself a sufficient guide; and that is, to give no more water than is really essential; such necessity being determined by each plant's appearance, or, rather, by the state of the soil in the pots. This should never get absolutely dry; nor should the leaves of the plants ever flag. Keep the temperature as low as possible, consistent with personal comfort. Most plants are not growing this month, simply living; next month more active operations will commence, consequently more heat and moisture will be required.

To return to the open ground, the practice of digging beds and borders at this time is a good one, particularly if the soil is a stiff or heavy one, as it tends to mellow the soil, besides it gives an air of neatness and freshness to all the surroundings. Now is the best time to trim and cut back hardy Roses and ornamental shrubs, as they will not be injured by the flow of sap, which they are liable to do when trimming is deferred until early Spring.

The Victoria Regia.

THE hopes we have expressed in a former number of the CABINET of the successful cultivation of this remarkable plant in the open air have been more than realized. Mr. Sturtevant informs us that his plant continued to bloom until quite late in Autumn, with the help of a little artificial heat, that was furnished by a pipe from his greenhouse adjoining. The last flower opened on the first day of November, and was quite as large and perfect as those produced during the warmest weather in Summer. The plant has also ripened perfect seed. Mr. Sturtevant has proven this wonderful plant a tender annual, capable of being grown in its perfection with but relatively little difficulty.

A. J. DOWNING, who was one of the best horticulturists America has ever known, said: "If I were to preach a sermon on horticulture I should take as my text, 'Stir the Soil.' Frequent and deep stirring will enable one to grow fine vegetables on comparatively poor and slightly manured soil, while without it one fails to gain the proper advantage, even from the richest and finest soil."

THERE is a rosebush in a garden in Charlestown, Mass., which bears over one thousand buds. It is thirty-five years old, and covers a space of one hundred square feet. A single stem has sixteen buds, and stems having twelve, ten or less, are quite numerous.



A NEW ROSE (THE ALPHA.)

A NEW HYBRID ROSE.

THE hybridization of the Rose, and the growing of new varieties from seed, the results of cross-fertilization and of hybridization, is a branch of this industry that has been sadly neglected in this country. England has been generally considered the home of the Rose, and not altogether unjustly so, yet we dare say there are far more Roses sold in this country, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in England, notwithstanding the climate of England is far more favorable for the development of its flowers than that of this country. But while they far surpass us in the cultivation of this popular flower in the garden, we by far surpass them in its cultivation under glass, both in quality and quantity.

Until recently but little attention, relatively, has been paid to the growing of new sorts from seed by our nurserymen and florists. It is true, Feast of Baltimore gave us the Prairie Roses, Prairie Queen, Baltimore Belle, etc. And Anthony Cook of the same city raised the well-known "Cornelia Cook," the finest Tea-rose in cultivation. Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, of Rochester, are now and have been for the past few years paying considerable attention to this interesting work, and their labors have been rewarded by several very beautiful varieties, that are destined to occupy a prominent place in the list of good Roses.

The desire for something *new*, that will surpass the *old*, has induced others to make the attempt, difficult though it may seem, to produce forms, colors, habits or fragrance, not already possessed by some of the many thousand varieties already under cultivation. In any

branch of industry, well directed, persistent labor is always crowned with success. The growing of new Roses is no exception to the rule, and we are pleased to show our readers a good likeness of the new Hybrid Rose

ALPHA,

raised by Messrs Hallock & Thorpe, of Queens, N. Y. Mr. Thorpe is indefatigable in the labor of hybridization, and to his efforts in this direction we are indebted for very many of our best Geraniums and other popular plants. The history of this Rose we give in his own words. "The Rose, Alpha, is a seedling, raised in 1880, a cross between Hermosa and Sofrano. From one cross there were raised nine seedlings. All except one were of a more or less pink shade; the one other was a creamy white, and of no value. The seed was sown in November, 1880, and by the middle of April, 1882, Alpha had already four flowers open, and has continued to flower without intermission ever since. Its habit is identical with Hermosa, excepting that it is much stronger, and under all circumstances it has *never* been attacked with *mildew*; this alone is a great point in its favor. The flowers are as large and as perfect in shape as the John Hopper (Hybrid Perpetual), the color is a bright rosy-crimson; the flowers are persistent, of good substance which makes them "wear" well; the fragrance, though not strong, is sweet and pleasing, inclined to the Tea section. In habit the plant is all that could be desired, strong, vigorous, and dwarf, much like the Hermosa, but with larger and richer foliage."

WONDERS OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

NO. III.

THAT "there was nothing made in vain," is a familiar truism, but in vain do we look for any good use there can be made of some created things, or where, in the economy of nature, they have a fitting place. The vegetable kingdom furnishes us many subjects of this character. Conspicuous among them is the

STINGING-TREE,

Urtica crenulata, an East Indian species of Nettle, common in tropical Australia, where it is more dreaded by the natives and tourists than any species of animal. The stinging effects of our common Nettle, *Urtica dioica*, are familiar to most of our readers; but these are not to be compared for a moment with some of the tropical species. Listen, for instance, to De la Tour's description of the effects of the sting of *Urtica crenulata*. "One of the leaves," he says, "slightly touched the first three fingers of my left hand; at the time I only perceived a slight pricking, to which I paid no attention. This was at seven in the morning; the pain continued to increase. In an hour it became intolerable; it seemed as if some one was rubbing my hand with a red-hot iron. Still there was no remarkable appearance, neither swelling, nor pustule, nor inflammation. The pain spread rapidly along the arm as far as the arm-pit.

I was then seized with frequent sneezings, and with a copious running at the nose. About noon I experienced a painful contraction of the back of the jaws, which made me fear an attack of tetanus. I went to bed hoping that repose would alleviate my sufferings, but it did not abate; on the contrary it continued nearly the whole of the following night; but I lost the contraction of the jaws about seven in the evening. The next day the pain left me. I continued to suffer for two days, and the pain returned when I put my hand into water; and I did not finally lose it for nine days."

A traveler in Queensland sends to the *Villa Gardener* a very interesting account of this wonderful vegetable creation. He says: "Though the tropical scrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects—that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire; as, if a certain proportion of one's body is burnt by the Stinging-tree, death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fire as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two or three inches high, to ten or fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually

grow on the top. It emits a peculiar, disagreeable smell, but it is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all round the edge like the Nettle. All the leaves are large; some as large as a saucer. Sometimes, while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the Stinging-tree till warned of its close proximity by its smell, and I have then found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that was very lightly. Its effects are curious. It leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterwards the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing. I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung; and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees, that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining most piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small Stinging-trees are as dangerous as any, being so hard to see, and seriously imperiling one's ankles."

We fail to see any good or economic use to be made of this tree. Undoubtedly it performs as important a mission as that of any other plant, none the less because we fail to see or appreciate it; hidden influences are the most powerful.

Nature, in providing for the wants of man, has not been unmindful of any locality or of its necessities. Every locality has its special needs, and its vegetation is fitted for it. Plants have a far more important work than the production of fruits and flowers; the conversion of impure into pure gases, in order that animals can live, is the work of the plant, and no two does the same, each has a specific work that it does wisely and well. The atmosphere is charged with as many different elements as there are different plants, each plant does the work assigned it, and man reaps the result of its labors. Plants luxuriate in their native home, yielding their rich fruits in the greatest abundance, while they barely live in an artificial soil and temperature. Why? simply because there are not, in their artificial homes, the elements that sustain and fit them to accomplish the work they were created to do. The oak has its work to perform, so has the orange, yet neither can do the work of the other, nor will either thrive if in the other's place.

In Turkey the common Poppy, *Papaver somniferum*, yields a large amount of opium, in some other countries a much smaller yield, and in others very little, or none. The reason for this is very simple: in its adopted home there are not the elements in the atmosphere that this plant requires for its work.

In the tropical valleys of the Andes are immense groves of the Cinchona, a beautiful evergreen shrub or low-growing tree, the bark of which is known in commerce as Peruvian bark, which yields the valuable tonic called *quinine*. This tree is only found in those malarial districts, nor will it yield, in any other, a bark containing the same active principle to any extent. Experiments have been made in its cultivation in other countries, where soil and temperature are favorable to its development. The tree grew luxuriantly, but its bark was valueless, excepting for the purposes of adulteration. This shows plainly the wisdom displayed in the

distribution of plants, and their adaptation to the necessities of the localities in which they are placed. A more remarkable instance of this may be noticed in the creation of the

COW-TREE OF SOUTH AMERICA,

Brosimum galactodendron. This tree forms large forests on the arid, rocky plains of South America, being the most abundant near the town of Cariaco, and along the sea-coast of Venezuela, growing more than 100 feet high, with a trunk six or eight feet in diameter, and without branches for the first sixty or seventy feet of its height. The leaves are of a leathery texture, strongly veined, and of a deep-shining green color, about a foot long and three or four inches broad. This tree yields a copious supply of a rich and wholesome milk, which is said to be as nutritious as that of the cow. Strange as it may appear, the cow-tree belongs to the same natural order which embraces the Upas and the Bread-fruit tree; it is but slightly removed from the order which includes the Fig and the Mulberry; the milky fluid of some of the *ficus* tribe of this genus is the source of our caoutchouc or india-rubber. The bland and nutritious juice yielded by the cow-tree has been found, on analysis, to contain thirty per cent. of galactine, the analogous principle to lactine, or the sugar of animal milk. The juice is obtained from the stem of the tree by making incisions, and is collected by the natives in gourds. We are indebted for the first accurate account of the tree which thus curiously combines the functions of animal and vegetable life, to Baron Humboldt. He drank of the milk at Porto Cabello, and describes it as thick, gelatinous, bland, and without acrimony, and possessing a balmy and agreeable odor. It is used along with cassava and Indian corn bread, and the natives grow sensibly fatter during the season when the milk is yielded most copiously. When exposed to the air a curdy matter separates from the fluid, which resembles cheese, and is named accordingly by the natives. The natives profess to be able to recognize in the color and thickness of the foliage the trunks that yield the most juice, as the herdsman distinguishes by external signs the milch cow. "It is not here," says Humboldt, "in the solemn shades of forests, the majestic course of rivers, the mountains wrapped in eternal frost, that excite our commotion. A few drops of vegetable juice recall to our minds all of the powerfulness and fecundity of nature. On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with coriaceous and dry leaves. Its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony earth. For several months of the year not a single shower moistens its foliage, its branches appear dead and dried; but when the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at the rising of the sun that this vegetable fountain is most abundant."

ONE of the hardest woods in existence is that of the desert ironwood-tree, which grows in the dry wastes along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as that of lignum-vitæ, and it has a black heart so hard, when well seasoned, that it will turn the edge of an axe, and can scarcely be cut by a well-tempered saw. In burning it gives out an intense heat.

ANOTHER LOVER.

I HAVE another lover loving me,
Himself Beloved of all men, fair and true.
He would not have me change although I grew
Perfect as light, because more tenderly
He loves myself, than loves what I might be.
Low at my feet he sings the winter through,
And never won I love to hear him woo.

For in my heaven both sun and moon is he,
To my bare life a fruitful-flooding Nile,
His voice like April airs that in our isle
Wake sap in trees that slept since Autumn went,
His words are all carresses, and his smile
The relie of some Eden ravishment;
And he that loves me so I call Content.

—[A. Mary F. Robinson (*Athenæum*).

A NEGLECTED GARDEN.

ON the west bank of the Schuylkill, a little below Gray's Ferry, in the city of Philadelphia, is situated what was formerly known as Bartram's Garden, but now called "The Eastwick Place." This garden, begun in 1728, has been an object of interest to students of botany the world over. It was the first botanical garden on this continent, and, unequaled in its character and extent on this side of the water, it early became famous. John Bartram, its founder, holds a high place in the annals of the science in which he was one of the pioneers, and was a noble example of what can be accomplished in the face of great difficulties. His attention was directed to the study of botany by observing the curious formation of a flower while resting under a tree one day after plowing, and there determined, though then a man in middle life, to devote his energies to the advancement of this science. Having only a common country-school education, he persevered under many difficulties, until he acquired a knowledge of Latin, and in time became the friend and correspondent of Linnaeus, Fothergill, Gronsius and other distinguished naturalists. An indefatigable observer of nature, traveling far and wide at his own expense, though only a farmer of moderate means, he obtained possession of a great variety of new, beautiful and useful trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants, with specimens of which he adorned his garden, so that in its most prosperous condition it probably contained a greater variety of indigenous plants than could be found elsewhere grouped together in a place of the same size.

Though now the garden is very like a tangled wild-wood, and there seems a painful absence of any care for its venerable treasures, and the terraced walks, once surrounded by flowers which their owner cultivated for their beauty and fragrance, have all disappeared, yet many of its old characteristics still remain. Its grand old trees have, many of them, withstood the storms and ravages of time, and still tower majestically in their kingly magnificence. One of them, a stately Cypress, situated in the centre of the garden, has excited the admiration of thousands. It was brought from Florida by Bartram in one of his saddle-bags, and planted where it now stands 133 years ago. Then but a twig, it has now reached a height of 170 feet, and measures 29½ feet in circumference at the base.

"The dark walk," planted with different species of oaks, comprises some of the finest varieties of the "king of trees" in the country. The American white oak

measures 85 feet in height and 13 in circumference. The *Q. heterophylla*, marked by its lobed leaves, was named by Michaux "Bartram's Oak," as it was produced from an acorn of his planting.

Situated at the southern end of the quaint old stone house which he built with his own hands soon after he began his garden, and which yet remains in a good state of preservation, is the Petre pear tree, sent over from England by Lady Petre to John Bartram in 1700. In this age of fine pears the Petre pear is still esteemed an excellent Autumn variety. Although so old, the tree is not large, for the *Pyrus* is of slow growth and attains a greater age than any other fruit tree. The famous Stuyvesant pear tree in New York was older than the Petre pear tree.

There are four species of the Magnolia of the Southern States growing here, all of which are splendid specimens. The *M. auriculata* raises its gigantic head 70 feet high, and is five and a half feet in circumference. The *M. acuminata* is 80 feet high and 7 in circumference. The Franklin tree (*Gordonia pubescens*) with large white flowers like a single Camellia, flourishes here. It was discovered by William Bartram (son of the founder of the garden) in Florida, and is the finest specimen of the kind in cultivation. On each side of the lawn in front of the old house may be seen two fine specimens of the boxwood-tree sent over from Smyrna, Turkey, to Mr. Bartram by the Earl of Bute 142 years ago. The beautiful native tree, *Virgilia lutea*, or yellow-wood of the West, is one of the glories of the garden. The lovely form of this tree, together with its glossy foliage and drooping blossoms, renders it an object of attraction, and the one in this garden, 50 feet high, with its cluster of stems 4 feet round, makes it a rare tree of beauty. At the north-east angle of the house can be seen the *Paliurus australis*, or Christ's thorn, which was sent to Mr. Bartram from Jerusalem, and is so called from the tradition which says the crown the mocking Jews placed upon the Saviour's head was formed of this plant. Its horrid spines are only too suggestive of His bleeding brows. Rhododendrons, kalmias and many other fine shrubs have attained a good size, but they are now rapidly dying out.

At the foot of the garden is a curious antique stone cider-mill, hewn out of the living rock by the indefatigable botanist. It has long been disused, and lichens and mosses are now growing in the trough where the pomace was once ground. An interesting locality near

the old house is the spot where Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and others, in their frequent visits to the botanic garden, used to sit enjoying the delightful scenery about the luxuriant banks of the Schuylkill, and the beauties and wonders by which they were surrounded. A bombshell from the battlefield of Brandywine, and a cannon-ball fired from a British man-of-war near the

Delaware, were long attractions of "the Washington arbor." Bartram, who lived to be eighty years old, died a few days after the battle of the Brandywine, his life being shortened by the fears he entertained that the British troops, in their ferocity, might lay waste his darling garden. Lord Howe, however, protected it and used the house for officers of high rank.

A NEW WATER-LILY.

†*NYMPHÆA STURTEVANTI*.

THIS is a new Water-lily, and the most massive and gorgeous *Nymphæa* that I have ever seen. It is a seedling from *Nymphæa deconiensis*, raised by Mr. Sturtevant, Bordentown, N. J. In communication with me. Mr. S. says of it: "I have raised a new variety of *Nymphæa deconiensis*, quite distinct in flower and foliage. * * It is a seedling raised from a plant of *N. deconiensis* under a high state of cultivation. It invariably produces leaves with those peculiar indentations and curls, and of the bronze color, sometimes almost crimson. You will notice also that the flowers are cup-shaped, like those of *N. odorata*, and the bud quite globular—a form which I think much more graceful than that of the parent. The color of the flower sent is somewhat pale, owing to the cool weather. In warm weather the color was deeper. Some flowers from the same plant have been brighter than others, and exceedingly lovely. The anthers produce three or four times the quantity of pollen that those of the parent do. From the same lot of seed another plant was raised which produced white flowers like those of *N. dentata*, which you know is one of the parents of *deconiensis*. * * No attempt at hybridization or artificial fertilization of any kind was made. I suppose it to be what is termed a 'seedling sport.' * * Another characteristic of the seedling *Nymphæa* is that the flowers almost invariably have nine more petals than the parent, and, as you will perceive, they are very much broader. Any suggestions from Prof. Gray and yourself in regard to a name will be thankfully received."

Mr. S. sent us leaves, flower and buds of this new Lily. The flowers were bright red, somewhat globular in form, 10 inches across, and the petals very thick, 4 inches

long by 3 inches wide. The leaves were 25 inches across, peltate, somewhat undulated on the surface, deeply toothed at the edge, the nerves ending almost in spines, prominently veined underneath, and of a crimson bronze color on the upper surface. They elicited considerable admiration from Drs. Gray, Goodale and Farlow, and Sereno Watson, to whose attention I submitted them. And even the buds, four days after they were received, responded to the efforts of Dr. Gray, who kept them in a warm bath, and expanded into beautiful blossoms. Regarding a name for this new Water-lily, Dr. Gray writes as follows:

HERBARIUM OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
Botanic Garden, Cambridge Mass., Sept. 28, 1882.

MR. FALCONER—Altho' Mr. Sturtevant's very wonderful *Nymphæa* is only a "seedling sport" from its hybrid parent, it is certainly different enough to deserve, as a plant of cultivation, a distinct name. And we should all agree in wishing that it should bear the name of its producer, as one who has done so much for Water-lily culture, besides this crowning achievement.

Giving names to cultivated forms is not in my line; still, if you and your correspondent would prefer a name from me, I would call this †*Nymphæa sturtevanti*—retaining the symbol of the cross in mark of its originally hybrid origin; for I suppose there is no doubt that its immediate parent is a hybrid. ASA GRAY.

Nymphæa deconiensis, the parent of †*N. sturtevanti*, is a hybrid between two tropical species, of strong constitution and very free flowering, but it requires tropical treatment; that is, Winter quarters not under 50°, and a high Summer temperature. But there is no tropical Water-lily of my knowledge that will not grow and thrive in our small warm ponds in July and August. Before and after that time they may need hothouse care or artificially heated water in the pond.—W. Falconer, in "Country Gentleman."

NOVELTIES OF 1882.

EVERY season brings with it a long list of novelties in every department of floriculture. The rosarian has the regulation number of Roses, with many new points of excellence; the plantsman has new bedding plants, that far surpass any previous introduction—the result of careful selection and cross-fertilization. Bulbs of all descriptions are not only more plentiful, but they are capable of producing finer flowers. The seedsman always has a

tempting list of "striking novelties," to a great extent old varieties with new names. Again, long neglected and almost forgotten species are introduced, greatly to the delight of the amateur who must have everything that is new, and firing anew the enthusiasm of many an old gardener who knew them fifty or more years ago. It matters not if the plants are old; if new to the present generation it is all that is required of them.

The past season afforded us an opportunity of testing many of the novelties, with a view of giving our readers the benefit of them in the way of premiums, and it is with no little pleasure that we say that some of the

this plant is that it will endure several degrees of frost without the slightest injury to its flowers.

ANTIRRHINUM—*Snapdragon*.

(*New Striped.*)

Careful selection of seed from the most positive marked varieties has resulted in a very fine strain of these annual and perennial plants. We find the most satisfaction in growing this plant as an annual. It comes into flower in mid-Summer if the seed is sown in a hot-bed, or in boxes in the house, and will remain in bloom until about the first of December; it is not injured by six degrees of frost. A peculiarity of this flower is, that however much they may be variegated the first season, the flowers are almost certain to be self-colored the second; for this reason we grow them as annuals.

MARIGOLD—COMPACT FRENCH STRIPED.

We welcome this, a new variety of an old garden favorite, and one of the most showy of all Autumn flowers. This variety attains a height of about six inches, and a diameter of about twelve inches. It is thickly studded with large flowers, mostly regularly striped with chestnut brown on a yellow ground. The plants are very dense in growth, and are perfectly uniform, making one of the very best flowering plants for massing or for borders.

AQUILEGIA CÆRULEA HYBRIDA.

(*Columbines*)

These are hardy perennials, flowering the second year from seed. The new varieties are free flowering, showy



ANTIRRHINUM.

annuals we have tried are decided acquisitions, and reflect great credit on those to whom we are indebted for their introduction. Among the more desirable are—

MINIATURE FLOWERED PETUNIAS.

(*Inimitable nana compacta multiflora.*)

Charming border plants, and equally valuable for beds, rockeries, stands, or for pot culture. They form neat and compact plants not more than six or eight inches high, and from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, and are completely covered with flowers the entire Summer; and at the present writing, when there is but little left except Chrysanthemums, they are as cheerful and showy as before the frost; in fact, more so. The contrast is marked with the dead and dying forms around them. The flowers are small, of great substance, striped evenly with purple crimson on pure white ground.

PETUNIA HYBRIDA GRANDIFLORA,

the large flowering sections. The marked improvement annually made in this class of the large flowering Petunias is so marked as to include them in the list of novelties. Those flowered this season, with us, are far superior to any heretofore grown.

GAILLARDIA PICTA LORENZIANA.

This new double variety of a well-known species, is a plant of great merit, the flowers are of various shades of yellow, orange, claret, and amaranth, very useful for bouquets or to cut for loose flowers, and they are produced in the greatest profusion. A beautiful feature of



AQUILEGIA CÆRULEA HYBRIDA.

plants, of easy culture, growing anywhere with the greatest persistency. They are worthy a place in every collection.

MIGNONETTE—GOLDEN QUEEN.

This new variety we have already noticed; throughout the season it has proved a decided acquisition. For late flowering, it has, with us, far surpassed all other varieties.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Glexinias.—*Mrs. E. H. G., Dansville, N. Y.* After your Glexinias have flowered they will need rest, which should be afforded them by gradually withholding water for two weeks; after that do not give them any water, but put the pots in any out-of-the-way place, warm and dry, and leave them until about the first of March, when they will commence a new growth. Then they should be re-potted if desirable, the bulbs or tubers can be cut into as many pieces as there are eyes, or they may be grown on without division, making a large and showy plant.

Begonias.—*Mrs. E. Shouse.* We cannot say, with any degree of certainty, what the cause of the buds of your Begonias' drooping is. There must be some unfavorable condition of growth; what it is we cannot say without seeing the plant. The most likely cause is too dry an atmosphere where it is grown. This is a common cause of failure; too much water when the plant needed rest may have been the cause. Again there are some varieties that will not thrive in the living-room; they must have the humid atmosphere of the fern-house. Yours may be one of these.

"Learned Names."—A good friend of the CABINET does not like the correct, or "learned names" of plants which we are compelled to use, not because we are learned, far from it, but because local or common names have no significance. The derivation of the names is one of the interesting features in the study of plants; often they are commemorative, sometimes historical, again for their uses in the arts, or for their supposed medical properties. In all cases they mean something, which cannot be said of such names as Bouncing Bet, May-weed, Butter-and-Eggs, Red-hot-Poker, Ragaud, Squaw-weed, etc., etc.

ELLENTON, Fla., 1882.

Dear Cabinet—I have always welcomed your arrival with much pleasure, but this month you have come in a fresh dress, and in such a greatly improved form that I hasten to send you my congratulations.

Your "Floral Notes from Florida" have interested as well as amused me. My experience is similar to "Aunt Effie's." I must confess I was a little disappointed, myself, at not seeing such a profusion of flowers as I had been told were growing all around, everywhere. But I find there is an abundance of them, if one knows where to look. In a hammock, a short distance from the house, there are growing some lovely, pale straw-colored flowers, somewhat resembling our Fleur de Lis of the North, but the green leaf is prettier, the largest being convoluted and holding in its folds the long delicate buds, that in their manner of growth resemble the Calla Lily. The flower is a pale lemon or straw-color, the inner petals being delicately crimped. It gives out a faint jonquil-like perfume. I wish I could send one so as to find out its proper name. Going along the road the other day, I saw a large bush full of brilliant, gorgeous flowers growing beside a stump; it proved to be a Lan-

tana, of which there are many varieties all growing wild. The Madagascar Periwinkle is perfectly at home here, so, I am told, are the Passion flowers, though, as yet, I have seen but one variety, and that a pale lavender. Pilea grows spontaneously, and is called "Cuba Moss." Portulacca is everywhere; a little boy brought me a handful of flowers this morning that I could scarcely believe were wild. He got them, he said, on the "prairie." There was a pure white, daisy-like flower, but single, borne in clusters on the slenderest stem one could imagine. So delicate and flexible were they that the flowers were in constant motion. In contrast were two Lilies of a bright cherry-color, shading at the base into yellow. I asked the name, but it had none except Lily. The boy said it did not have a bulb, but only a root. I must look into that, for it does not seem likely that a flower, so much resembling a Tulip or Lily, should not have either a bulb or a tuber. In this number of the CABINET, I was delighted to find "How to pack plants when traveling." As I intend going North in a few weeks, I want to take a few of my Florida pets with me. But I am running on at greater length than I intended. P. W. P.

[We are always glad to answer any inquiries coming from our readers regarding plants, and if the writer of the above will send us a blossom and leaf of those flowers she is not familiar with, we will give her their names, etc.—ED.]

Timely Hints.—One of our good friends in the South would like us to make our monthly hints suit that climate. We cannot well do this, as it would require a page for each degree of latitude. We write for the latitude in which we live. The operations carried on may be commenced sooner or later, to suit the locality, whether north or south from New York. The work for April, in New York, should be commenced in January in Mississippi.

Gladiolus.—*John B., Ottawa City, Canada.* The information you desire you will find given at length in an essay upon "The Gladiolus," published in this issue.

Zinnias.—*Martha A. Patten, Texas.* Perfectly white Zinnias are now becoming quite common, and are very useful plants for the border. Your success with plants shows plainly what can be achieved by well directed labor. Plants, like friends, like attention, and they will return love for love every time.

Tea Roses.—*Mrs. N. C. D.* The enemy of your Roses is mildew, the cause of which is not known, though it is a well-known fact that when the conditions of growth are not favorable mildew appears. For that disease, sulphur appears to be the only remedy. In the greenhouse it is sprinkled over the pipes or flues, which makes an effective fumigation. A good plan for you to adopt, would be to let your Roses gradually dry off, allowing them a rest of a few weeks, then shell all the earth from their roots, and repot in fresh soil. We should advise the use of well-drained pots instead of cans. You may

safely challenge competition with a Fuchsia that is kind enough to furnish you 350 buds and blossoms at one time.

Climbing Fern.—*Anna*. The botanical name of the Climbing-fern is *Lygodium*, of which there are two species well known. *L. Scandens*, a native of Japan, and a splendid plant for the greenhouse, conservatory, or living-room; and *L. palmatum*, the well-known Hartford ferns, a genus which is sparingly met from Massachusetts to Kentucky. This species is very difficult of cultivation.

Name of Plants.—*S. E. J.* No. 1. *Glaucium* or Horn Poppy. No. 2. *Tephrosia Virginiana*. No. 3. Too much broken to recognize.

Stapelia.—*Dell, Kansas*. The Stapelia is a genus of very curious greenhouse plants, with showy, star-like flowers proceeding from the base, which smell so much like carrion that flies have been known to lay their eggs upon them. As these plants are very succulent, they are apt to damp off if they are grown in rich soil or receive too water. They are propagated by cuttings, which should be laid on the shelf for two or three days to shrivel, before they are planted. All the Stapelias are natives of the Cape of Good Hope. The flowers are very singular as well as showy, and would be highly

prized were it not for their offensive odor. This, however, is not of long duration, and should not be a serious objection to the growing of this interesting class of plants.

Will the editor of the CABINET please tell me what house plants to choose for Winter, to be grown in a bay window, with North-eastern exposure. I cannot get along without my flowers and this is the only room available where there will be sufficient heat. Is there anything that will bloom with so little sun.

Mrs. H. F. B., Detroit, Mich.

Answer.—Nearly all the Begonias delight in just such a situation, their flowers are not as showy as are those of some other plants, but are very pleasing. Hyacinths will also bloom to perfection in such a situation, and there could not possibly be a better situation for the more hardy ferns.

H. J. F., Westtown, N. Y.—The scale on your Jasmine can only be removed by mechanical means; take a small, smooth stick, and rub them off, using care, so as not to injure the bark. When all are off, wash the plant in strong soap-suds, after which rinse in clean swarm water. We should advise shaking the plant out of the pot, if the first operation is not successful, as the oil is liable to be filled with the same enemy.

THE HAUNTED CRUST.

CAN'T you remember Jerry Rouse, sir, the little cobbler of Pickersgill? How should you though! Poor Jerry! I suppose his busy little fingers were stiff and cold in his coffin before you saw the light.

It was on a Christmas eve, forty years ago, that that poor little cobbler, who lies in the churchyard yonder, nothing but senseless dust, was a piece of living flesh and blood, suffering and shaking under such a temptation that, if I told what it was, and that he gave way to it, there are those who wouldn't let him rest in peace among their kith and kin,—no, not now, though it's forty years ago; they'd go and tear his bones out of their grave this very night,—this very instant.

Now, at the time I'm speaking of, the street running down to the river was the High Street of Pickersgill, and what they call the High Street now was a long, close court, called Gadshill-in-the-Fields. Come, come, Mistress Sicklemore, you're not so young but you remember that, surely? And you remember Jerry, now, I'll be bound. Call him to mind,—a little man, know you, a tiny little man, with coal-black eyes and hair, and a pale, sickly, happy little face. Haven't you seen him sitting at the open window of number three, the dirtiest house in the court? Of course you have; and his black-eyed, ragged little children playing outside.

His wife, Nance, was a well-looking body enough in her day, but such a scold, and such a dirty, inuddling kind of woman, that if Jerry hadn't had her, nobody else would. She set her cap at me once, did Nance; but there! what kind of cap was it? so black you wouldn't have picked it up in the street. However;

Jerry had a kind heart, you know; and seeing how Nance was getting a longish way on the other side of her teens, and sourer and sourer every day, out of very charity he went to her mother, who was beginning to scout her, and says he,—

"Mistress Jessop, will you put in a word for me with Nance? I haven't a farthing till I get paid for heeling these boots in my hand," he says. "I earn my bread from hand to mouth, but I think I could earn Nance's too, if she'd be so kind as to say yes."

"Do you know what kind of a temper she is?" says Nance's mother.

"Yes, ma'am," says Jerry; "but not having much temper myself, I think we might get along very well."

"Do you know she's the dirtiest thing about a house that ever was?"

"That, ma'am," said Jerry, "is the the chief consideration; I know there's not another woman in Pickersgill would put up with my ways in that respect, for I can't abide cleaning, ma'am; wet boards, and the sight of pails of water about, would be the death of me. So, if you see no objections yourself, and Nance 'ud be so very kind, I think, ma'am, as it 'ud be a very happy union."

And so it was, in Jerry's opinion; and I suppose he was the best judge, wasn't he? Nance Jessop kept to her part in the agreement, at any rate; for a dirtier place than Jerry's little house at Gadshill-in-the-Fields, and dirtier children than Jerry's seven, you wouldn't light on in a month's march.

I say seven; but, now, Jerry's eldest girl was an exception to all the rest. She grew up as fair and clean, in

all that dirt, as a flower 'Ifgrow up out of the mold that's nourished it. I've looked at her as I've come through the court many a time, and never been able to get her face from before my eye all day afterwards. There 'ud be five black-eyed, big-headed little things moping about in the dirt, some inside the door, and some out, while Jerry sat in his window whistling over his work; and there on the doorstep 'ud be little Mercy. I've seen her sitting there a good many times, yet I've never seen the same look on that child's face twice in my life; she seemed always so different from the others, so busy in her thoughts. I never saw her play, ever since she was out of her mother's arms; she seemed to do nothing but sit and read, and nurse babies on the doorstep.

Once, when I was having a gossip with Jerry,—who had his share of tongue. I can tell you,—some boys in the court got teasing little humpbacked Tommy, and Mercy's face got quite fierce as she watched them. She asked Jerry to speak to them two or three times, but he always said, "O, Tommy doesn't mind it!" So I went myself and sent the boys off, and brought back Tommy to where his brothers and sisters were at play.

"Do you think he does mind it then?" I said to Mercy.

"I don't know," she said, with a great sigh. "I do. I mind it so much, when they're mocked and pointed at, that I wish they were dead, and I'm always wishing they'd never been born."

You see, the poor child felt all that Tommy would have felt if he had been right sharp, which he wasn't; and all that Jerry would have felt, if his eyes had been open to the wretched bringing up of his children, which they were not; and all that Nance would have felt, if she'd been a different kind of woman: but as for poor Nance, she thought if she clouted them all round once or twice a day, and kept them from getting to any water, she was giving them as good an education as a poor cobbler's children ought to expect.

Well, I went away from Pickersgill for three years or so, and when I came back I found Mercy grown up, and the talk of all the place. Her face was small; not round, nor dimpled, yet not thin-looking, but beautifully soft, and of the same warm whiteness all over; just, perhaps, a little warmer in the middle of the cheeks, as you see a bunch of apple-blossoms gets pinker towards the heart. Yes, certainly, if this kind of face, with full and sorrowful blue eyes, with a blue shadow lying under them, and pinky eyelids heavy with black lashes that seemed always wanting to go to sleep on her cheek, a mouth like two cherries pressing together,—if a face like this, set round with rings of chestnut hair, can make a girl pretty, certainly Mercy had such a one, and must have been called pretty even now; though ideas have changed since the days she used to put the clerks at Flounger's out of their reckoning every time she passed the office-windows.

Now, at the time of my coming back to Pickersgill, Mercy had four sweethearts.

There was Smilish, the red-haired herring-man, always sliding in a soft word with his herrings, till Jerry was obliged to leave off having them, which was a great privation to the family,—herrings, and Smilish's herrings in particular, being cheap just then.

Then, too, there was Felix Hadup, a real gentleman clerk at Flounger's office, who, for the love of Mercy, took to wearing out his boots in quite a wonderful way,

so that Jerry always had a pair on hand. And, one day, when a dragoon regiment was billeted on Pickersgill, all the children playing out of doors at Gadshill-in-the-Fields began to cry and rush home; and Jerry himself, he tells me, quaked a bit when he looked up and found a great fellow, standing six feet in his boots, before his window, with his face as red as his coat, making a downright honest offer through his great moustache for Mercy, wanting to march her off to Ireland with his regiment next morning. Of course, Mercy was called to speak for herself, through the window; and, poor fellow, as he went back up the court he looked so mild and meek that, instead of being afraid of him, all the children took hold of hands, and stood in a line staring at him so that he couldn't pass.

He was the third. Well, the fourth was a man who, of all men in the world, came least to Jerry's fancy, as you may know when I tell you that that man was Dan Harroway,—ay, Dan o' the water, Dan himself. You recollect him, ay, ay? There'll be something happen I should think when black-eyed Dan's forgotten in these parts. Ah, talk of your Charlie Steers and your Willie Stackletons of these days,—the girls stare after them, it's true,—but Dan, dark Dan o' the waters, he was something to stare after. I warrant you. Ah, it's all very well; but, Mr. Martin, begging your pardon, I won't believe your housekeeper there forgets all the heartaches Dan made in Pickersgill among the lasses of her day. Come, come, that's part of my story; you needn't take my ale away for that: there's no danger of Dan now; eh, Mistress Sicklemore?

Well, I suppose there's no occasion for me to tell any of you that Dan wasn't a saint. Though I do say he wasn't worse than Charlie the waterman, or Will the horse-breaker. In the first place, he was driven to lead the sort of life he did in a good part by his old miser of a father, who turned him out of doors at sixteen. Then, you know, being such a dare-devil with horses, such a fellow with his oar, and such a little king in his looks, he got soon picked up, and petted, and spoiled by the sporting gentlemen about here,—ay, and I may say, by more than one sporting lady too. Why, there was my lady Caperdown, they say, would have married him out and out, only she got a shock when Dan took her first love-letter to her son's valet, thinking it was some order about the stables, and commanded him, like an emperor to read it to him as he couldn't either read or write.

How often I've seen him standing in his bright top-boots and scarlet hunting-coat outside here; or in his striped regatta shirt, amongst all the low fellows who seem to grow out of the water at boating times, standing out from them all, as I tell you, like a born king. He had a clear dark skin, with the blood always flushing under it, but never standing florid in his cheeks; curly black hair; and black eyes,—not an eye like Jerry's, though it was as black, but not as soft and merry, and contented, but a restless, fierce black eye, that seemed to be always roaming about, looking for something it could never find; and every glance seemed edged and pointed like a steel dart. He had half a score of names,—the Little King, the Emperor, the Sultan, Lucifer; and as far as pride and dark good looks went, I must say, he deserved them all, and the last particularly. I think he was prouder to women than to men, and had need have been if all the tales I've heard were true. I don't mean

to say Dan would pass by a pretty girl without looking at her, not he; but if she minced in her walk, and seemed to know he was looking at her, he would stare in his haughty, scornful way, as much as to say, "You needn't put yourself out; I was only thinking you've got decent eyes, or a decent figure, and it's a pity the rest of you's not as good;" so that really a girl was as much put out as flattered by one of his looks; and he was so cool and proud with the handsome ladies he rode with, that he got quite a saying in Pickersgill, "No more in love than Dan o' the water."

And now I'm going to tell you about Dan and Mercy's first meeting.

I suppose he had noticed her before. I should think he had noticed her as the prettiest girl in Pickersgill, and as the only girl in Pickersgill who didn't gape after him (present company, Mistress Sicklemore, excepted, of course.)

Well, it was one muggy November night. Merey and little Tommy and I were coming up the High Street together. I was trying to comfort the poor lass a bit, for times just then were going hard with Jerry; indeed, just then was the coming on of hard times for more than him. We had got to the end of the street, when Dan came flashing round the corner on Richardson's black horse.

"Holloa, Matthew!" he shouts, in his grand, commanding way, stopping close to the pavement, "give me a light, quick; come, man. I've got a seven-mile ride,—look sharp!"

"Quicker said than done, Dan Harroway, in this wind," says I, taking out my tinder-box.

Dan held his match down while I struck; but the wind blew it out directly it was lighted; so I, stupid-like, asked Mercy to come and hold up her shawl to make shade against the wind. She did come close to the horse, and held up her shawl while Dan bent down, holding the reins and the pipe in one hand, and the match in the other ready to catch the light. It lit and went out half a dozen times, and while I was scraping and scraping away, I knew well enough that Dan was looking at Mercy; she knew it too, and you would have thought such a girl would have kept her eyes to herself; but, whether she got angry or what, Mercy raised hers to Dan's face as it bent down close to her.

Now, I don't know much about love nonsense myself, still I could but feel, when Merey raised her eyes and found Dan's face within a few inches of hers, looking at her as I'd never seen him look at any other woman in his life, his fiery eyes all soft, and seeming to have found somewhere to rest on at last, and his proud-set lips in a smile,—when I saw this, I say, and saw, too, how he seemed to have the power of holding those sorrowful blue eyes of Mercy's to his as by a charm, I said to myself, "There, you've done something for Jerry, calling her to hold up her shawl, you have; you thought if you couldn't strike one match, you'd strike another. I'm mistaken if this isn't the beginning of trouble."

And so it turned out to be.

Dan may have courted her with his eyes all that winter, for what I know; but I saw nothing more myself, till one fine morning early in the year. He was riding slowly up the road from Paisloy woods, with a bunch of wild blue hyacinths lying on his horse before him, close to the path where Mercy was coming along. I was on the other side; I don't think either of them saw me.

Presently Dan stopped his horse, and stooped and held the flowers out to her, smiling. Mercy stopped and looked at them. No doubt it seemed pleasant to the poor child, who never had time to pick a flower for herself, and who got many a slap from Nance for running to pick up the clover-blossoms that fell out of the wagons passing the top of the court; no doubt it seemed very pleasant and tempting to have a bunch of sweet-smelling bluebells held out to her like that by Emperor Dan. She looked and looked for nearly a minute, and then shook her head, as much as to say, "I mustn't," like a child, and began to walk on quicker.

Dan's face darkened, and he turned his horse right across her path, and held the flowers down to her again, while his black eyes seemed half begging, half commanding, her to take them. Then she held out her little hand and took them, still like a child frightened into doing wrong.

Dan pricked his horse, and went galloping up the road.

I never smell hyacinths but I see that old road again, with the light green hedges and the primroses under them; and Dan turning in his saddle as he galloped away, resting one hand on the horse's back; and his dark face, with the sun on it, smiling bright and proud, like a sultan that had been balked many times, but got his own way at last,—smiling at Merey while the yellow-green hedges spun by; and Merey herself standing just where he had left her, shading her eyes with the flowers, looking after him, ready to cry at what she had done, and yet sick at heart that his horse should bear him so fast out of her sight.

"Trouble coming, Jerry," I said to myself as I saw her.—"trouble coming."

That same morning I had to call on old Harroway. Dan's father, who was my landlord, you know, and who owned half the wretched houses at Gadshill-in-the-Fields, Dan was in the office, coming out as I went in. I wasn't surprised to see him there, for matters had long been patched up between them; but I was surprised to hear him say,—

"What does it matter to you where the money comes from, so long as you get it?"

"I don't know about that," said old Harroway, locking up his tin box. "Jerry's money is honest money when it does come."

"What is mine, then?" Dan said, coming back with a scowl on his face.

"There, there, let it drop," said the old man, pettishly. "You've had your own way, and that's enough; I don't know what you're after, but if you choose to pay me the rent, of course I sha'n't worry him for it."

"But, mind, the debt goes on just the same," said Dan; "and I take my money back when I like, giving you a week to get it from him."

And Dan went out, just nodding to me; and old Harroway, not seeing me yet, looked out of the grimy window after him, and screwed up his yellow face, and shook his bald head, as much as to say, "Do you think I don't know what you're after, my boy?"

I can tell you I wished no little that I knew; for though I could make neither head nor tail of what I heard, and wouldn't for the world have made Jerry uncomfortable about it, and so stopped any good Dan in his love for Mercy might be going to do him, still I found myself every time I passed their place croaking like an old raven,—

"There's trouble coming, Jerry,—trouble coming!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OFFICE OF RESINOUS MATTERS IN PLANTS.

It has been difficult to make even a plausible conjecture of the uses of the "proper juices" of plants. In their production a large amount of nutritive material is consumed; and for the most part they are stored up irretrievably in the plant, not being reconverted into nutritive material. This gave some color to the old idea that they are excrementitious. But, besides that under normal conditions they are not excreted, why should a pine tree convert such an amount of its assimilated ternary matters into turpentine, which is merely to be excreted? Or, if it be a by-product, what useful production or beneficial end attends the production? If excrementitious, the tree should be benefited by drawing it off. But, as De Vries remarks, and as the owners of the trees very well know, the process is injurious, and if followed up is destructive. It goes almost without saying now-a-days, that the turpentine is of real good to the tree, else turpentine bearing trees would not exist. De Vries has made out a real use, which he thinks is the true function of the resiniferous matters in *Coniferæ* and in other resin-producing plants. Resinous juice is stored in the tree as a *balm for wounds*. It is

stored up under tension, so that it is immediately poured out over an abraded or wounded surface; for these wounds it makes the best of dressing, promptly oxidating, as it does, into a resinous coating, which excludes the air and wet and other injurious influences, especially the germs or spores which instigate decay; and so the process of healing, where there is true healing or reparation, or of healthy separation of the dead from the living tissues, is favored in the highest degree. The saturation of the woody layers with resin, in the vicinity of wounds and fractures (as is seen in the light wood of our hard pines, is referred to as effectively arresting the decay which parasitic fungi set up, this "fat" wood being impervious to mycelium.

Latex or milky juice is a more complex product, of which certain portions have been shown to be nutritive; but as to the caoutchouc and the waxy matters they contain, De Vries insists that they subserve a similar office, are, in fact, a remedy—a protection against decay, a natural provision for the dressing of wounds, under which healing may most favorably proceed.—*American Journal of Science*.

HOME LIFE AMONG THE JAPANESE.

(CONCLUDED)

FROM frightful dreams, in the last of which I imagined my head resting on the block and the executioner's axe about to fall, I awoke to find my neck aching from the unaccustomed position. I tossed and turned uneasily, and longed for daylight. At last, having discarded the lacquered pillow and substituted a thick shawl, I slept again, and was only aroused by the gentle voice of the little maid-servant announcing the breakfast hour.

I rose hastily and made my toilet. On entering the breakfast-room I found the entire family assembled; the honorable old lady receiving the morning salutations of the retainers, who humbly bowed before her.

All wished me a "good morning," and expressed the hope that I had rested well. Though I had by no means forgotten the hideous vision of the night, and my poor neck still ached horribly, yet I could not bear to give the discourteous but truthful "no," and endeavored to call up a smile and a polite affirmative.

Matayemon had been observing me slyly, and coming near as I approached my "zen" (individual table), muttered in English—

"I know by the way in which you carry your head that a wooden pillow is not to your liking. Be frank now and confess!" I smiled and said:

"Perhaps time will lead me to modify my opinion; at present the article is not—well—exactly comfortable."

"Do you hear, O Moto?" cried the young gentleman.

"Do not feel badly my friend. When my old playmate Yezaburo returned to this country, he purchased a foreign bedstead, and actually had it set up on the 'sleeping-mat' to the great discomfiture of his relations and friends."

"Well," answered O Moto, "each country has its own customs; my wooden pillow seems very good to me,

and, as you know, does not cause the hair to become disarranged during the night."

I glanced at her glossy tresses in which a piece of scarlet crape was becomingly nestled, and said:

"But, certainly, you are just from the hair-dresser's hands!"

She gave a merry laugh.

"Ah, there is your mistake! The hair-dresser comes every other day."

Of course under such circumstances feather pillows would be entirely out of place.

Our breakfast of soup, fish, pickles, boiled rice and preserves being at an end, we followed our hostess to the "sitting-room."

During the meal the sliding screens had retreated into their recesses, the beds, pillows and quilts disappear into some mysterious press or cup-board, the mats had been newly cleansed and laid down again, and the sun streamed without let or hindrance through the length of the great hall.

The "family room" had also received attention; a fresh blossom reposed in the porcelain vase, while the *hi-ba-chi* (fire-bowl), with ever present pipes and tobacco offered solace.

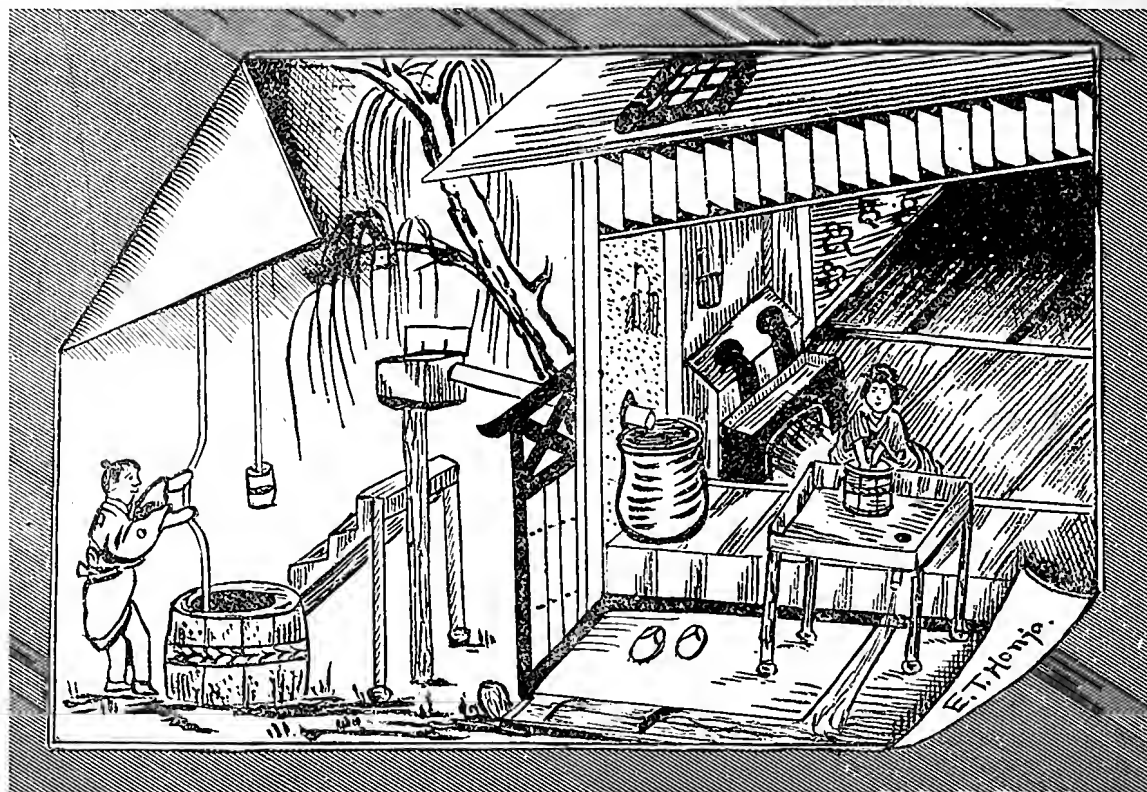
The ladies produced their work; my hostess amused herself in covering an oddly-shaped box with raised flowers; the material used was the finest crape. When the arrangement was to her satisfaction, she took brush and colors and with skilled fingers touched here and there. The flower when completed was a veritable rose lacking only perfume. I admired; she depreciated, but ended by begging me to accept the "poor work of her hands, which I was so kind as to condescend to admire!"

Meanwhile the young ladies occupied themselves, one in embroidering an "obi" or girdle, the other in painting on silk-tissue.

By-and-by a little maid appeared, holding the daily paper in her small hands; it was her duty to read aloud while the ladies worked. O Moto said to me:

"My respected mother enjoys hearing the news; as it would be wearisome to you to listen to what you do not understand, perhaps you will accompany me to the *dai-do-ko-ro*" (kitchen.)

I assented; we turned into a long, narrow passage, and entered the apartment in question.



JAPANESE KITCHEN.

The clean floor was of hard wood; on one side was a curious looking stove made of earth, having on top a number of various shaped apertures suited to the different sizes of the kettles, etc. Charcoal was the fuel employed.

At the moment of our entrance a stout maid, with the long sleeves of her robe tidily caught back, was deep in the mysteries appertaining to the Japanese culinary department. After bowing respectfully, she seized a pair of wooden clubs, and struck them together sharply. As the sound died away a man appeared from behind a clump of bushes, and going to the well near by, commenced drawing water, and pouring it into a trough whence by means of a bamboo pipe it ran into a small tank at one side of the kitchen. When this was full the sticks came into play again and the man vanished.

"That is the rice-boiler and water-drawer," exclaimed O Moto. "He does nothing else, and when not needed retires to his own small dwelling, which you may see through the trees, where he divides his time between smoking and sleeping."

"His position is quite a sinecure," I answered.

"But what is the servant doing now?" I exclaimed, as she lifted an hitherto invisible trap in the floor.

"Oh, that is where the *dai-kon* (radish) is stored; on account of its peculiar properties we prefer to keep it covered after it is pickled."

Looking down I saw a deep hole in which a tub had been sunk, but drew back quickly as the overpowering vegetable saluted my unaccustomed nose.

"Let us visit the gardens," suggested my friend, delicately.

We strolled along, and finally saw Matayemon who, perched upon the curious bridge, was engaged in angling, not unsuccessfully.

He quickly joined us, and, as we walked, informed me that his duties demanded an immediate return to Yokohama. I, with the wooden pillow fresh in my recollections, said I also must bring my pleasant visit to an end.

When my intentions were made known to the family, every argument which politeness and genuine good-feeling could suggest, even to the Japanese mind, was used to induce me to alter my determination, but my resolution was not to be shaken.

After sundry complimentary "passages-at-arms," in which Matayemon took the whole responsibility, the hour arrived for us to depart.

Our *jin-ri-ki-shas* were announced; the whole family accompanied us to the entrance, and with many bows, hand-shakings and respectful prostrations on the part of the retainers, we stepped into our carriages and were borne rapidly away, promising at the last moment to pay a more extended visit in the near future.

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO, AND THE GARDENS OF BRAZIL.

Through all their Arab-like wanderings, wherever they abided for a time, the Aztecs were wont to cultivate the soil; and when settled—frequently environed by barbarous enemies, as they were—in the midst of a great lake where fish were remarkably scarce, they devised the ingenious expedient of forming floating gardens and fields and orchards on the surface of the tranquil waters. These they wrought skilfully of the roots of aquatic plants woven together, wreathed and intertwined with branches and twigs, till they had secured a foundation of sufficient solidity to support the soil, composed of earth substances from the bottom of the lake.

Ordinarily these floating gardens were elevated about a foot above the surface of the water, and were of oblong shape; and, in due time, were adorned with vegetation, comprising countless varieties of flowers, vines and shrubs, presenting raft-like fields or gliding gardens of marvelous beauty and luxuriance. These famed chinapas, along the Viga Canal, finally became attached to the mainlands comprising the grounds situated between the two great lakes of Chalco and Tezenco. Little trenches filled with water seem to separate the gardens, and miniature bridges connect them with the main land. The Indian proprietor dwells in an humble hut, situated in the midst of his floating fields. From March to June the latter are one mass of floral beauty—a flowery sea, in which the many varieties of the Rose prevails, while other flowers add their varied tints and perfumes, prominent among which are variegated garlands of Carnations, Poppies, Sweet-peas, Jessamine and other gifts of the munificent flora of Mexico.

When the City of Mexico was taken by the Spaniards under Cortes, in 1521, it occupied several islands in Lake Tezenco. The water, from various influences, chiefly volcanic, has since receded, and the city, although still retaining its ancient site, is now two miles and a half distant from the lake. At the time of the Spanish conquest, it presented, however, very much the appearance of Venice—"a city in the sea, throned on her hundred isles"—the margins of whose broad and narrow canal-streets were in many places lined with splendid mansions.

According to ancient Spanish history, the native Mexi-

can had at that time attained a high degree of perfection in various arts, for which they do not appear to have been in any degree indebted to the civilization of the Old World, and which must have been an outgrowth of indigenous talent. Especially in the cultivation of the soil, by which the fruits and flowers of this tropical region were developed, were the native Mexicans highly skilled.

The fertility of these floating gardens, owing to the abundant advantages afforded for moisture, was very remarkable, and the early chroniclers describe them as literally covered with flowers and fruit. The City of Mexico is still, to a great extent, supplied from floating gardens with fruit, vegetables and the choicest floral productions, constituting an industry from which is derived the sole support of the inhabitants of some of the villages situated on the shores of the lake, who are, indeed, descendants of the aboriginal race who fell victims of the treachery of Cortes. Two of these villages, Santa Anita and Ixtaculco, New Mexico, are noted for their beautiful flowers, and, at certain seasons, when their floating gardens are in full bloom, they are favorite resorts for pleasure parties of the citizens.

The region of Entre-Rios, in Brazil, has many noble gardens. The magnificent bay of Ganamara, along the shores of which the public Passeio stretches for a considerable distance, has been celebrated for its beauty ever since the first settlement of the Portuguese in the Brazils. At a time when, unadorned by art, or any handiwork except that of Nature, in a climate sublime and ethereal, this shore was called "The Walk of the Lovely Nights," Villeganon, as early as 1555, wrote enthusiastically of the bay of Ganamara, and declared that nothing but the Bosphorus could be compared to its beauty. He describes, as well, the beauties of the gardens of Rio, which, in their antiquity, were marvels of sublimity. During the government of the fourth viceroy, Luis de Vasconcellos, in 1778, the present public promenade was created. A great part of the ground now occupied by the promenade when thus projected, as well as that now occupied by the public gardens, was a low and unpromising waste.—*Selected.*

SUBMARINE PLANTS.

THEIR VARIETY AND VALUE—GIGANTIC FORMS AFFORDING ANCHORAGE FOR SHIPS—COLORING
AND POISONOUS EFFECTS.

ALONG the great sandy beaches of the New England coast at the present time, especially on the more northern portions, may be seen numbers of persons engaged in gathering or "accumulating" moss—or sea-weed—to be used, as we are informed, in the production of "blue munge" in the neighboring towns and cities. After an easterly gale the beaches are lined with various plants or their equivalents of the sea, all of more or less value to the fisherman and seaside farmer. Along York

beach I have seen the Carrageen or Chondrus moss, used in the manufacture of various jellies, washed up by bushels, and its collection forms an important industry, giving employment to hundreds of persons who dry and ship it to all parts of the world. Even the kelps that come ashore on the Maine beaches are utilized on the farms and valued for their nutritive properties. The softer kinds are packed in great heaps around the cellar to keep out the Winter blasts, while the more

delicate and ornamental varieties are selected by tasteful hands, pressed, and sold during the Summer season to the curiosity dealer, who labels the more striking forms "Japan," the next grade "Africa," and so on, grading down the extent of their geographical distribution as they grow plainer, the common forms being all labelled "coast of Maine." In other countries seaweed is much more in demand, however, as the fishermen are, as a class, extremely poor, while those of the New England States are the backbone and sinew of the land, and, as a class, well-to-do. The Scotch make much of their dulce, a red sea-weed. The Irish also have it, men, women and children collecting it, and to many it is a luxury. They call it *dillesk*; while the curragheen is so called from an Irish town of the name where it is found in unusual quantities. The term is applied to two species, both edible, and used mostly in producing blanc mange. By putting the fronds in warm water, the starch they secrete is forced out, and when allowed to cool forms a jelly so well known by the above term. In the extreme northern countries of Europe the favorite weed is tangle, and dulce and tangle are hawked about in the streets of Edinburgh as are shrimps and crabs here. In Chili a favorite delicacy among the native epicures is the weed known as *D'Urvillea utilis*—one of the largest and most magnificent productions of the sea. It grows in the surf off the coast, also at the Falkland Islands, and forms gigantic cables, hundreds of feet long, larger than the human body, resembling a huge snake, and requiring forty or fifty men to drag one plant upon the shore. The appearance of these monster vines, beating and writhing to and fro amid the waves, is remarkable, looking like a mass of huge marine snakes, and forming a formidable obstacle to the progress of boats, often upsetting them.

EDIBLE BIRDS' NEST.

The weed known as alwied is valued in England for its nutritive properties. Probably the choicest delicacy of this class obtainable in China is the nest of the esculent swallow, that is made up of a sea-weed collected by the bird, and considered by Asiatic epicurians a great dainty. The nest weighs about half an ounce, and is shaped like that of the common swallow, the flat side being attached to the rock. One in my possession is of extreme delicacy, seemingly composed of fibres cemented by a secretion that the bird had taken from some sea-weed. They are found in vast numbers in the caves and crevices about the Islands of the Archipelago; also at Sumatra, particularly at Croee, near the southerly portion of the Island, where they are jealously watched by the Javanese and Chinese, who make a business of collecting them. While our swallows will build an elaborate dwelling of fantastic shape in a single day, the edible-nest builder toils two months before the delicate shelf is completed. Two eggs are then deposited, and after fifteen days the young appear. When they are able to fly, the nest-hunters descend to the spot by bamboo ladders and native ropes—a dangerous operation, in which many lives are lost yearly. At first the nests are a delicate amber color or pure white, and in this state are much valued; those are allowed to remain until the young are reared being black, requiring a certain curing before they are placed upon the market. As

soon as a large number are collected they are dried in the sun, and packed in small boxes, each containing half a *picul*. The first quality are worth from \$15 to \$20 a pound. The very finest nests, taken before eggs are laid, bring prices even higher than the above quoted, and are reserved for the nobles of the Chinese nation, by whom they are eaten in soups, broths, and various ways. To the American palate the dish is acceptable, and reminds one of green turtle soup, cooked and served as it should be. There are three or four swallows that erect edible nests, but the *Collocalia nidifica* is the only one that is really of great commercial value, the others being only used by the very poor classes of natives whose homes are by the caves in which the birds are found.

Sea-weeds are not alone used for the farm and table. Much of the iodine of commerce is obtained from certain kinds. For many years large establishments were carried on in various parts of the world, but principally in Scotland and the northern islands, producing from kelp the alkali soda used in making soap, glass, etc., and until the discovery of Leblanc—that soda could be made from common salt—kelp was the only prop to this great industry. The ashes of the kelp, that is so common on our shores, is known as varec in France and barilla in Spain and Sicily. The masses of weed are dried in great stone ovens for the purpose upon the shore, and eventually fuse into a solid mass, which is sent to market in convenient pieces—twenty-four tons of ashes being used to produce one ton of available varec.

A GIANT WEED.

The giant weed *Macrocystis pyrifera*, immense beds of which are found in every latitude, possesses a value in yet another direction. It grows to the immense length of 700 feet, forming such barriers on rocky shores that many a ship has been saved by its effect upon the sea. Myriads of animals live in and upon its smooth, round stems and broad, shining leaves—crabs, euttle-fishes, echini-worms, and even fishes, that form a part of the food of the inhabitants of the coast. Not only this, but the barrier of weed on shores where the sea is particularly heavy, affords protection to various animals that live in-shore and are necessary to the inhabitants, who would otherwise be deprived of them. On this point Darwin says: "Amid the leaves of this plant numerous species of fish live, which nowhere else could find food or shelter; with their destruction the many cormorants and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish also; and lastly, the Fuegian savage—the miserable lord of this miserable land—would redouble his cannibal feast, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist." A strange idea that the fate of a nation should hang upon a bed of sea-weed, but a fact pure and simple. These great plants are the weeds of the ocean, growing profusely and with exceeding rapidity. For example, it is said that a rock covered with the weed was exposed by the spring tide and found perfectly bare in the following November; when examined in the ensuing May, or six months later, it was covered with a growth of weed from two to six feet in length. Though the *macrocystis* is one of the largest known, others of the 6,000 species known to science, are almost as remarkable. The

chorda filum attains a length of 100 feet, growing in dense belts fifteen to twenty miles in length and 500 or 600 feet wide. A tree sea-weed has a stem ten feet long and over a foot in circumference, while its fronds are two feet long. Bory de St. Vincent claims to have seen a Lamarian 1,500 feet long, the stem being as large as a man's body, and sufficiently strong to hold a vessel of the largest class.

The commonly-called sea-weeds are cellular, flowerless, cryptogamic plants found in fresh, salt, hot, and freezing water all over the world, and though many have roots, they are merely used to fasten the weed to the bottom. An interesting example of a single-celled variety is the *Palmella*, or red-snow plant, that so often gives rise to tales of blood rains, the minute cells coloring the snow a rich red, so that the steps of those who pass along are dyed with seeming blood. The weed at the bottom has a considerable effect upon the local coloring of the sea. In the Bay of Loango, the color is a deep red, in the Gulf of Guinea a white tint, while upon the shoals about Japan the water is of a decided yellow. Near the Canary Islands the prevailing hue is green, and around the Maldive Islands almost black.

The color of the Red Sea is derived not from the bottom however, but from an extremely delicate weed that floats upon the surface. A similar phenomenon has been observed upon the great salt lakes of the Tibetan water-sheds. Local beds of weed are often found coloring the sea yellow, red, green, or brown, and often having a disastrous effect upon the living forms thereabouts. Green patches appear occasionally upon the waters of southern Florida, destroying all the life in the vicinity. One of the first of these patches was observed in 1844 by Benjamin Curry, of Manatee. In appearance it resembled long patches or areas of greenish matter, from 50 to 200 yards wide and a mile or more in extent, in which would be floating myriads of animals that it had destroyed. The sponges that usually turn white when the animal dies were black, and about the gills and mouth of the fishes there was a thick mucus. As soon as large fishes entered the green weed they seemed to lose control of themselves, dashed wildly about, and soon died. The last plague was in 1880, preceding the terrible hurricane of August.—*C. F. H. in "Evening Post."*



"MORNIN' sir; sell ye any papers?" was the sound I heard while busy writing at my desk. When I looked up to answer the anxious appeal, I saw standing before me two ragged urchins whose personal appearance showed such signs of poverty and want, that I could not refuse to buy a paper and speak a few kind words to the little wanderers.

"What is your name?" said I to the eldest.

"I'm little Pete. I've only a poor newsboy as has to sell papers all day to keep from starvin'. The 'little un,' as I calls him goes, with me; and, mister, he is the cunning'est feller as ever you see, and he sticks mighty close to me. It's drcful hard on us when the weather gits cold, and sorter tough, an' our coats is all worn out.

"I'll tell you as how I found my 'young un.' I've goin' along one of the wharves one mornin', and I see an empty box standin' there, so I jest looked in and there I found him, all curled up like a kitten, fast asleep, with his fiddle and bow hugged up tight in his arms. I sat right along the box, and waited and waited till he

waked up, and when he opened his eyes he begun to cry, for he was awful 'fraid of me; thought I'd take his fiddle away. But I put my arms around his neck, and told him not to be afraid, I was 'Pete' who was agoing to be a friend to him, for he was too small to be left alone in the big city. Then, he smiled, and looked so happy and trustin' like. So I took him along with me, and showed him all the home I ever knows. It ain't pretty and fixed up like the swells has, but it's kinder better than bein' out in the streets all night. It's a room in an attic, an' there be lots of open places overhead, and the rain comes in sometimes; but then I loves them places, for nights when I'se tired and hungry, and can't sleep, I look at the little stars; they twinkle and laugh to me as if to say, 'I see you Pete,' and just as I say good-night, they seem to run away, and off I goes to sleep, and the little stars goes on their way through the sky to look at other boys who has a better bed to sleep on than I has. The 'little un' loves the stars, too, and calls them angels watching him so no harm can come. We got a splendid playfeller, as keeps us from crying and getting lonesome when we ain't made much money. It's a little white kitten we found eryl in the street one night. Some bad boys tied a tin pail to her au' she was awful frightened. I picked her up in my arms and took her home with us, gave her some of our supper, and she loves us because we don't tease her. She knows, mister, when we ain't had no luck, for we can't give her much to eat. Then she looks up in our faces as if she wanted to cry, and runs all over us, and laps our faces as if she wanted to kiss us anyway. You know as how some boys like to bully little uns. Well, one day he was walking along, and up came a feller and tried to git away the 'little un's' fiddle, but I jest pulled up my sleeve, and went fur him, and gave him a reg'lar throw. I won't see him hurt no how, for he is the bestest little soul as ever lived. He has seen some hard times; poor enough some days, and hungry enough to steal, but we didn't, 'cause that's mean. The ole woman in the baker's shop, she gives us cakes some days, an' I'll tell ye how 't was. We went in there one night, me and the 'little un,' and we didn't have much, only two cents for the two of us. He was awful hungry, and it was cold and drizzling-like out. I asked the missus to give us the mostest she could for the money as we had. She looked sorter kind to the 'little un,' for he was a looking so wishful-like to the sweet cakes in the show case, and said, 'Are them cakes too much

for the money?' I don't know as how it was, mister, but she just took him up in her arms and kissed him right on the cheek, and the tears went a-trickling down her face; for she said he was so like a boy she lost. So the 'little un' had plenty of cakes, and we had a feast, you bet, that night; and we didn't forget kitty at home, who was hungry too. Now when we have a real hard day, not much to eat, we tells the ole woman, and she never lets us go to bed hungry, then when me and the 'little un' has a good day, we pays her all back.

What would have become of us if it hadn't been for her? Last Christmas you would a cried, sir, if you could a seen how the poor 'little un' hung up his shoes on a nail in the corner for Santa Claus to fill 'em for him, for he heard how kind he was to all good boys. I knowed there wasn't no Santa Claus, only I didn't tell him so, and I tried hard to make some mouey, but I couldn't, for I did want to buy him something. That night I couldn't sleep, and I eried, and eried because I knew the 'little un' wouldn't find nothin' in his shoes; and, mister, you oughter heard him cry, and he said, 'Peter no Santa Claus member us, we ain't got nothin', and we tried to be good boys, too.' But I told him p'raps he didn't have time, and would come that night. Oh! how hard I tried to make a few pennies. I picked up a purse for a lady, that she dropped, and she only thanked me, and I felt so bad. Goiug home I found a little branch of evergreen that some one had lost. I put it in my poeket, and when I got home stuck it in the 'little un's' shoe; and when he saw it he was so glad, he elapped his hands and said: 'Somebody did 'member me, and I'se happy uow.' He don't care for Christmas now, for I'se told him there ain't no Santa Claus. It's only little boys as has Ma's and Pa's, and friends."

After I had heard Pete's story, I told them that I would be a Santa Claus to them, and that they should not wander about the streets any more; that a home should be provided for them and Kitty too, and they should have nice clothes to wear. The little fellows both fell on their knees, and tears of joy rolled down their neglected faces. I have them both in my employ, and they are doing nicely. The "little un" is quite useful, and says very often, "I had one little star that I loved to look at better than all the others, and I knew that angel would give me a better home some day, and Pete and Kitty too; and we are the happiest boys that ever lived." And they really seem to be.

KITTY CLOVER.

Oh! Don't you remember,
Long time ago,
When the path was in December
Covered o'er with snow?
Then we had a little walk,
Then we had a little talk,
But jealous eyes did soon divine
The footsteps there were not all mine—
Oh! The snow,
The tell-tale snow,
Long time ago!

Oh! Don't you remember
On that evening fair,
When the jasmine flowers you braided
In the raven hair?
Homeward then I thoughtless stray'd
And the jasmine flowers betray'd;

For well the jealous glances knew
No jasmine in our garden grew
Oh! The flower,
The tell-tale flower,
Long time ago!

And when we were both forbidden
Evermore to meet,
Silly little notes were hidden
By the willow seat,
But vainly for a note we sought;
Could we each other have forgot?
Ah! Others knew as well as we
The secrets of that hollow tree;
Oh! The tree, the hollow tree,
It betrayed both you and me.
Long time ago!

HOME DECORATIONS.

Plush Stand.

THESE little stands, to be covered with plush, can be purchased at almost any furniture store. The top is of pine wood, the legs are round, and of either light or dark wood, the color is of no consequence, however, as the whole frame is to be covered with plush, of which a good quality should be selected. The legs should be covered first, and this is done by cutting three strips the length of the legs, and to fit smoothly round, allowing sufficient for a small seam up the side where it will be least noticed. This seam is to be neatly hemmed with sewing-silk matching the color of the plush. Then tack the plush in three or four places to hold it to the top, and gather the lower edge which covers the foot of the legs, as you would a ruffle without the heading. Draw it very close, and sew it strongly. This will keep the covering perfectly smooth. The top should be covered next, the material is laid plainly on it, drawn smoothly over the edge and tacked all round the side. The lambrequin should be cut in one long piece of alternate scollops and square tabs, the lower edge of each tab to be pointed. Each scollop and tab is to be embroidered with a pretty design, using crewels and silk for the work. After the embroidery is finished, line the lambrequin with silicia to match the plush. This is to be fastened round the edge of the table, and when putting in the tacks it should be done from the under side that the tack heads may not show. At each corner and on the points of the tabs a chenille tassel should be sewed. If the covering should be of olive color, a design of poppies and grasses is very pretty for the embroidery; blue is also pretty with roses and butterflies. A full bow of satin ribbon is tied where the legs cross, and any defect in covering, which is a little difficult in this part, is thus hidden. They are handsome for either drawing-room or library to hold some choice bit of statuary, or can be used for the daintiest of little work-stands. Felt or cloth may also be used with very good effect, shaping and embroidering the lambrequin the same as the plush. In this case, however, the legs may be covered, or not, according to choice. M. E. W.



PLUSH STAND.

A Blotter.

SELECT six sheets of blotting-paper, each one a different color, and cut to fit them exactly two pieces of white or tinted bristol board. On these last paint in water-color two pretty designs. These are for the covers. Pierce a hole through the top and bottom of the leaves about half an inch from the upper and lower edges. With gay ribbons tie them together, making a full bow and ends. They are very useful and pretty for the library table. Instead of a cover of bristol board, silk, satin, or plush, may be used, making them handsome and richer looking. In this case four pieces of card-board must be cut to match the size of the blotting-paper. Cover one side of each with the material to be used, and overhand each pair together. Place the blotting-paper between the covers, as leaves in a book, and tie them together with ribbons as described. The designs used may be of birds, flowers, figures or whatever may suggest itself to the mind as suitable or pretty for them. They are inexpensive little trifles, and find a very ready sale at fairs.

M. E. WHITEMORE.

VERY pretty cradle quilts are made of pink foulard or sateen quilted in diamonds one inch in size, having it sufficiently large to hang over the sides of the cradle about six inches, and bordering with torchon lace. A dainty one was recently made of a square of fine white flannel on which were placed four strips of pale blue ribbon, two inches

wide, fastened down with blue silk in point-russe, and a row of feather-stitch in white silk worked upon the ribbon to border each edge, while on the flannel strips were embroidered clusters of forget-me-nots and violets. Lace three inches wide bordered the quilt.

Silk book-covers, ornamented with the initials of the owner, are very pretty and serviceable when made of black silk and embroidered with gold.

Japanese Plaque.

SELECT four Japanese fans, those that open and close, two blue and two crimson. Remove the rivets which

hold them together at the bottom, and cut off the outside stiff sticks. Lay them on a table in the form of a circle, alternating the blue and red. The sticks must form the outside edge of the plaque, and the edge of the pleated paper is gathered in the middle, like a rosette; sew it securely, and place a full bow of satin ribbon, either scarlet or blue, or a mixture of both, matching the color of the fans, a cluster of flowers is also held in place by the ribbon. Blue, scarlet, and gold ribbons are then run through the sticks in basket work fashion, leaving about an inch at the ends of the sticks projecting beyond the last row of ribbon. A full bow, with loops and ends of the same colored ribbons used for twining through the sticks, is placed at the top of the loops by which the plaque is to be suspended. They are hung as other plaques, against the wall, and are novel and pretty. M. E. W.

How we Trimmed the Christmas Tree.

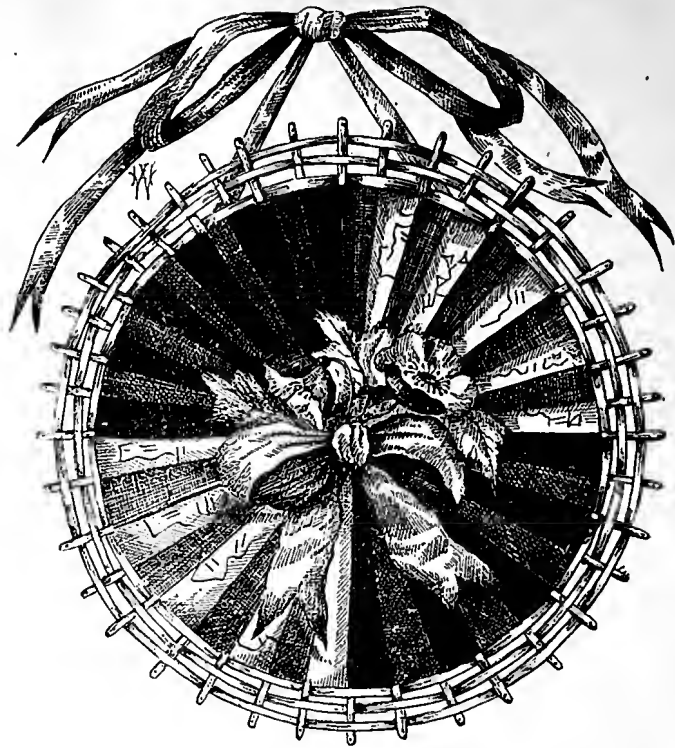
PEOPLE who live in cities and have access to all sorts of beautiful things, will hardly need the hints given here; the difficulty with them is, how to choose among so much. But some reader of this paper may be situated as we are, in the country; our nearest store of any size is some fifteen miles away, and a crowd of little people in the house, who are expecting to see a most wonderful "tree."

Our gifts had been bought during a visit to a North-



BLOTTER.

ern city, and were laid aside, awaiting the happy day; we also bought a box of wax candles and some holders for them.



JAPANESE PLAQUE.

The prettiest are those with colored balls at the bottom, but in case of emergency, the candles can be wired to the twigs of the tree, with very fine hair wire, and will do nicely.

There were nearly three hundred ornaments on our tree, before any of the presents went on; they were nearly all home-made, and of the following varieties:

First, we cut out of rather stiff bristol board, some five-pointed stars, little boots, Maltese crosses, butterflies, shields, arrows, and horseshoes. Several of each kind were made, a large bowl of boiled paste prepared, and each was covered on both sides with colored paper, mostly silver and gilt, and some with red and blue. The arrows, shields, and butterflies were voted the prettiest, the latter were made flat, one side covered with plain gilt paper, the other with all kinds of brilliant colors, and little round black spots pasted on, to look like Nature; the wings were then bent up as if the insects were flying, and with the prettiest sides out; some were wired on to the branches, and others hung by threads of dark green, which could not be seen, and they looked as if poised in the air.

We next found a piece of broken looking-glass in the attic, and had it cut up into many little pieces; bound each one with lute-string ribbon pasted on, and when dry, furnished each with strings, by which to hang them up. They reflect all the lights, and make the effect very brilliant.

Cornucopias we were able to make very easily, for we had a carpenter prepare us a slender, wooden cone, just the shape of one, and it is very pleasant work to paste them together over this model; put a pretty embossed picture on each, and then slip off to dry.

The prettiest of all trinkets we made as follows: Taking

a quantity of English walnuts, we split them (one at a time) into halves; filled one-half with little "caraway comfits," glued on the other half, first slipping in a little loop of ribbon at the top, and laid each one aside till dry. Then each was gilded with liquid gilding. We used the "Bessemer Gold Paint," and there are many other preparations equally good. These little "rattle-boxes" are lovely, and everybody will want one.

A lot of tiny rosy-cheeked apples were polished up, and furnished with strings; also some red balls from a plant called the "Solanum," which grows wild here: they look very much like small, round tomatoes. Not having these, festoons of strung cranberries look very pretty. Owls were made out of peanuts, by putting in two long black pins for eyes, the pins projecting below for feet, so they could be stuck on the branches.

Perhaps you could succeed with pop-corn balls better than I did; ours would not stick together, and we were much disappointed. We had some little tiny Japanese parasols among our knick-knacks, and some small pictures, and there were also fastened on to this remarkable tree some little bits of flags; you can get quite a roll of them for ten cents, and they are very showy.

But the prettiest of all were the "crystalized ornaments." First I made some small baskets of annealed wire, and wound them very profusely with bright-colored zephyr; the rose-colored and the light green proved to be the prettiest, also one that I wound in shaded green, with little dots of red—but the light blue and lemon-colored were not to be despised. Then I procured five pounds of alum, and a large stone crock,

and made a hot solution of alum and put in the crock—laid a stick across the top and suspended my baskets, one at a time, in the hot alum water, leaving them about twelve hours undisturbed.

Sometimes I had better success than others, but, generally they looked like the most luscious French candy when taken out, as the color of the zephyr showed thro' the frosting. Then I hung the basket up to dry, re-heated the solution, sometimes making it stronger, and started again. I also crystalized grasses and branches with lovely effect, some of which are on our mantel-piece to-day; I made fringe of bright zephyr, and crystalized that, and in fact, everything that bid fair to be pretty. I put into the alum bath. When the candles were lighted, how everything did sparkle! And so we had our "frost-work and icicles" even tho' we live in a Southern climate.

Our way of mounting the tree proved very substantial and strong: Two pieces of scantling, six feet long, and two inches by four, were morticed and put together in the form of a cross. At the point where they crossed, the tree was fastened upright by being nailed on with long spikes. Four braces were then added, making the whole very strong. Laying stout brown paper underneath, we covered the boards from sight with quantities of gray moss and trailing vines, and sprinkled all well with the watering pot, as a precaution against fire, should any ornament blaze up and fall.

When the curtains were pulled aside, and "our tree" stood revealed to all the eager and expectant little people, it was truly a beautiful sight.

LOUISE.

Altamont, Fla.

WHAT WE SHALL WEAR.

AMONG some pretty suits just now in process of completion at a fashionable dressmaker's, may be mentioned one in dark green cloth, so much worn last year, and promising to be as popular this season. The skirt was trimmed with a double box-plaiting eight inches deep, and fastened on two inches from the top of the plaits so they fell over as heading; above this, on the front breadths, were five deep tucks. The apron overskirt had on its lower edge a piece of the cloth cut wide at the centre tapering to each side, and ornamented with perpendicular rows of narrow black braid; full drapery in the back, vest of basque, and sleeves trimmed also with the braid. Another suit was of black silk, and was very tastefully trimmed around the skirt with a box-plaited ruffle three quarters of a yard deep, having passementerie leaves arranged on each plait, commencing on the right side near the top and gradually sloping downward as it progressed around the skirt. A full apron overskirt, back draperies consisting of two very long breadths sewed together half their length, the left side caught up to form a point on which were grouped some passementerie leaves, the other side arranged in a graceful loop; basque with passementerie vest. A seal brown cloth polonaise to be worn with a silk skirt was cut very long, and draped quite high away from the sides, and trimmed with silk embroidery of the same shade of brown down the fronts, around the collar, and on the close-fitting sleeves.

Fashions in furs.—For young ladies to wear with close-fitting jackets, redingotes, etc., the favorite style is the deep round cape that extends over the shoulders halfway to the elbow, but not low enough to conceal the waist line. A small round muff is worn with them, made up perfectly plain, dispensing even with tassels. These pelerines are very popular in seal, beaver, and black fox.

Fur lined cloaks are still considered a great luxury, but many ladies object to them as the hair is very apt to come off when worn over a worsted dress, and so prefer their wraps lined with silk or satin, which comes already quilted, and is sold by the yard at very reasonable prices; the cloak is then bordered with bands of fur which are also sold by the yard, and the pointed collar of fur finishes the neck. Such cloaks are usually in long dolman shape, and are readily cut and fitted by a competent dressmaker, and can be gotten up with moderate expense by making them at home as the fur is easily sewed on, and the collar can be bought at any large fur dealer's unlined, and any ingenious lady can line one with the same quilted silk used with the cloak.

For small children, white coney fur is used, also krimmer, a curled gray fur. Little coats for girls are made of handsome plain cloth, trimmed with fur, and have a small fur collar and muff to correspond. Deep plush collars, trimmed with white lace, are novelties for children; little soft muffs to correspond are worn with them.

C. L. A.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PREPARED BY MRS. C. G. HERBERT.

PERHAPS all housekeepers do not realize the convenience of having sifted flour always on hand. A lady who devotes considerable time to ascertaining the best ways of managing her kitchen department, keeps a covered six-quart tin pail, in which you can always find sifted flour and a scoop. Powdered sugar makes finer-grained cake than any other, and is preferable for all nice cake. In measuring flour, a cup means a tea-cup, unless a coffee-cup is specified. All flour should be sifted before it is measured, and an even cup is to be understood, unless the recipe calls for a heaping one. If your cake is too coarse-grained, you have too much soda for your cream tartar, or too cool an oven may be the cause; or if baking-powder is used, there was too much in the cake; if too fine grained, your proportion of cream tartar is too great. Exact measurement *must* be made, if you would have your cake *perfect*. The writer of this article once gave a recipe that had never failed, to some friends, and their experience with it was truly discouraging—the cake was a failure every time, not fit to eat, just because the butter was not properly measured. Butter should not be soft when it is measured, but hard enough to be cut in pieces about the size of chestnuts, and should be only *lightly* pressed into the cup, as a solid cup of butter would spoil any cake that required “a cup full.” To exactly measure the fraction of a cup, see how many tablespoons it will contain, and then it is easy to know exactly how much one-third, or one-fourth, or any part of a cup is. The measurement should be made with a silver spoon, as the iron spoons are of so many different sizes. An ordinary tea-cup should measure twelve tablespoons or an exact half pint. Then, if you have a recipe calling for two-thirds of a cup of butter, and the same of milk, measure eight tablespoons of milk into your cup, and note how much it fills the cup, and you will know just how full to make the cup when you measure your butter. Eggs should always be well beaten, the *yelks* as well as the whites. The whites are beaten enough, when some taken up on the beater will form a *sharp* peak that is stiff enough to keep its form without much quivering, being held upright. If you do not use an egg-beater—and many prefer to beat eggs for cake and omelette in the old way—the nicest beater can be made of a piece of a hickory barrel hoop, about twelve inches long, and whittled perfectly smooth. It should be about an inch wide, and thin enough to be pliable. It will be a little bent, which makes it easy to beat on a platter or plate, will be noiseless, and much less tiresome than a fork. A stick made in the shape of a tiny oar, of hard wood, is the most convenient thing to stir cake with. If you live in the country, an old wagou-spoke will make a nice one, and any man or boy can easily make one. It is said that cake should never be stirred but one way; how much truth there is in it we do not presume to say, but we think it is more important that it should be stirred in an earthen bowl or dish.

Oyster Stew.

Put one quart of oysters and their liquor with half

pint cold water in a porcelain kettle, or a bright tin-pan, if you have nothing better—iron spoils the flavor—add what salt they require, and heat them sealding hot. The scum will rise as quick as they begin to heat, and must be removed. Just as they are about to boil, skim out all the oysters into your soup-tureen, and add to their liquor one-half pint of cream or rich milk, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, as much red pepper as you like, and a little finely-rolled cracker crumbs; when this is boiling hot pour on to the oysters and serve. The crackers to be eaten with the soup should be heated, as it makes them more brittle.

G. C. F.

Fish Cakes.

Take any cod-fish that has been cooked, remove all skin, bones and fat, and make fine. Mix with it mashed potatoes rubbed to a cream with a little butter. One-third as much potatoes, or one-half, or even the same quantity as you have of fish, can be used. Make it out into little cakes with the hands, and fry in a little butter or fresh suet.

J. A. F.

Poached Eggs on Toast.

Grease the pan or skillet you wish to cook the eggs in, and salt the water. When it simmers—not boils—carefully drop into it, so as not to break, one egg at a time. There should be water enough to cover them. Before they are hard, remove with a small flatskimmer, and put each egg on a piece of hot buttered toast.

G. C. F.

Broiled Steak.

The first requisite is a good fire of red-hot coals. Then grease your gridiron with pork or suet and heat it. Most people prefer to trim the fat off the steak before broiling, as it is so apt to burn. Cover it as soon as it is put over the fire, and in a moment, when the steak is colored, turn it over. Watch it carefully and turn frequently. When done, lay it on a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and spread a little butter over it. If you have no metal cover for your meat platter, you can heat a smaller platter, or some other dish that will cover it tightly, until it is time to serve it. Do not press the juice out when you put on the salt and butter.

C. D. F.

Marble Cake—never fails.

One cup molasses; two cups flour; one-half cup butter; one-third of a cup of sweet milk; yelk of three eggs; one even teaspoon soda; cinnamon and cloves to taste.

WHITE PART.—One-half cup butter; one-half cup sweet milk; one cup sugar; two cups flour; whites of three eggs; one-half teaspoon of soda; one heaping teaspoon cream tartar. Put the cake in the pan with a spoon alternating the dark and light, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

G. C. F.

Cream Cake.

Four eggs; one tea-cup sugar; one tea-cup flour; one tablespoon sweet milk; two even teaspoons baking powder. Will make three layers.

CREAM.—One-half cup sugar; one-quarter cup of flour; one egg. Stir into one-half pint of boiling milk. Spread between the layers while warm.

M. E. W.

There are Kisses Waiting for Me.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by MAUD DE PEYSTER.

Andantino.

p

1. There are kiss - es wait - ing for me; Lov - ing eyes to look in mine;
 2. When the birds are fond - ly call - ing Gen - tle loved ones to re - pose;
 3. Oh, the lov - ing one that meets me By the lit - tle cot - tage door?

p

p *tempo.*

All my bless - ings they re - store me, When the stars in beau - ty shine!
 When the dew - drops, bright - ly fall - ing, Kiss with joy the ra - diant rose;
 Oh, the gen - tle clasp that greets me When the toil - some day is o'er!

p

p *tempo. 1^{mo}.* *con affetto.* *rit.*

Though the days be sad and drear - y, There is some one waits a - far;
 Then my heart is sweet - ly dream - ing, Of the gen - tle, fond and true;
 Then the heart shall cease re - pin - ing, Hea - vy feet no more shall rove;

p *cres.*

tempo. p *cres.* *rit.*

Smiles are beam - ing sweet and cheer - y, Guid - ing me like ev'n - ing's star.
 Eyes for me are glad - ly beam - ing, Bright - er far than rose or dew.
 Heav'n is there a' - round us shin - ing, When we press the lips we love.

p *cres.* *marcato.*

There are kiss - es wait - ing for me, Wait - ing for me day by day;

rit. *D. C.*

Bright - est blessings they re - store me, Charm - ing all my cares a - way.

D. C.

There are kisses waiting for me.—2.

Literary Notes.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, have just published an elegantly illustrated edition of Sir Walter Scott's delightful poem "The Lady of the Lake." Of all his works this seems to have taken a deeper hold upon the affections of its readers than any other, partly because of the romantic personal interest the story inspires, and also because of the reality of the events related, which are accepted as absolute history in the region where the scene is laid. Its accurate description of that most charming portion of Scottish landscape lying about Loch Katrine which—

"In all her length, far winding lay
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that empurpling bright
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that, like giants, stand
To sentinel enchanted land,"

renders this poem indeed a field for the display of artistic talents, and in order to more fully carry out the thoughts of the poet truthfully as well as to secure a certain freshness of treatment, the publishers commissioned the artist under whose supervision this edition has been executed to visit the Scottish Highlands and make the sketches directly from the localities referred to in the poem. Nearly every scene was visited and sketched by him, which form the basis of the illustrations offered in the book.

"Boon nature scattered free and wild.
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child,"

and the artist has not overlooked them, but introduced in his sketches the Scotch hare-bells, ferns, heather, wild roses and the emblematic thistle.

The skill with which the same scenes are given continuous freshness by differences of light and point of view is worthy of especial notice. The treatment of water is very effective throughout, but is unusually well executed in the illustrations of "Brianchon Point" and "In Leary Pass." The series fittingly closes with a view of Loch Achray. In the foreground are shown the shocks of wheat in the harvest field, while in the distance the eastern ridge of Ben Venue looms up, and the lights and shadows thrown upon the water, which lies between, renders this illustration the gem of the collection. It is here the minstrel comes to bid farewell, and utters these words:

"Where shall he find in foreign land
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?"

As a holiday gift-book this edition will surely be in great demand, and cannot fail to please.

FRANG'S CHRISTMAS CARDS.

THE recent years have seen our country's art taste rapidly grow, our artists as rapidly inhibiting the inspiration, of which the air has seemed full, and art producers have kept at all times abreast or in advance of the capacity of the public to appreciate; always leading the world toward better, toward purer art, rather than pandering to depraved and lower tastes. It is the subject of congratulation among the world's best men that the tendency of popular taste is upward, not downward. Most active in educating this taste, and giving it something to feed upon, have been the products of the establishment of Messrs. L. Prang & Co. of Boston.

Their several prize exhibitions have attracted the attention and the interest of two continents, and the awards have been the subjects of congratulation and sharp criticism. But congratulation or criticism tend to good results, and we shall have better work and greater interest in good work for all that is said upon both sides.

In feasting the eyes upon the designs which were

awarded prizes in the now famous exhibitions referred to, it is a pleasant thought to the New Yorker that the award for the first grand prize of \$2,000—in the judgment of the board of judges from among the artists and the voting of the public who visited the exhibition—went to Miss DORA WHEELER, whose name is not unknown to lovers of Decorative Art.

To give even brief descriptions of the Prize Christmas Cards would make a long article; to say that each will find thousands of admirers and critics, will be certainly safe, and to commend to our readers an early examination of them will be but justice. Of course much of the ornamentation embraces the flora inseparable from Christmas time, and the examples of exquisite rendering of them will command general approval.

In the collection sent to us was included some examples of New Year's Cards, of lesser value as works of art, but very happy as expressions of good wishes for another year.

THE GOLDEN FLORAL.

Is golden covers adorned with exquisite examples of nature's richest floral beauties, Lee & Shepherd of Boston have issued, as a series under the above title, some of the most treasured poems familiar in every household. For their innate worth as literary treasures they will continue fresh in popular esteem; their golden thoughts and their choice expressions of thought are bouquets of never-fading beauty, to which the nobler, the purer affections supply the dew which keeps them in all their pristine beauty, and we drink in anew the fragrance of inspiration as, in their present setting, we read them again and again. The series includes: "Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" "Abide with Me;" "The Breaking Waves Dashed High;" "Rock of Ages;" "He giveth His beloved Sleep;" "Ring out wild Bells;" "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Home Sweet Home." Our readers can obtain either or all of them through their local booksellers, or from the publishers direct.

A BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE.

DRY GOODS Establishments send out to their patrons resident in distant parts of the country, catalogues as aids to selections for goods to be sent by mail or express. There has come to hand the current issue from the Co-OPERATIVE DRESS ASSOCIATION of New York, and it bears upon its pages many tokens of the time and skill which have been given to it. Departing from the conventional illustrations and arrangement, it embodies beauty with usefulness, and will be a valued hand-book for any of our lady readers who will apply for it.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

"Happy Little People" (Cassell, Petter & Galpin), is a pretty book narrating the adventures and amusements of sundry youngsters in England. The text was apparently written to the pictures; many of these, indeed, are recognizable as ornaments of former volumes of *Cassell's Magazine*. They are not the worse for that, however.

"Two Tea Parties," a book published by the same firm, is full of pictures which will probably interest children. It ought to be said that no child, whether clever or stupid, should be invited to read or to listen to the twaddling verses which accompanies them.

E. J. Dutton & Co., have issued a new edition in reduced size of "The Children's Kettledrum." The illustrations, which are of the Kate Greenaway order, are prettily colored; the verses are mild as milk and as harmless.

"Five Little Flower Songs" (A. Williams & Co.), is the title of a small collection of unpretentious verses by M. S. F. The book is neatly printed and bound in delicate paper covers.

SICK HEADACHE.

Among the chronic ailments hardest to bear and hardest to cure may be classed "*Sick Headache*," from which so many suffer periodical tortures. It is very rare that even temporary relief, much less a permanent cure, is ever found under either Allopathic or Homoeopathic treatment. In our administration of Compound Oxygen, we have been able to break the force and continuity of this disease in nearly every case, and where the Treatment has been continued for a sufficient time, to make a radical cure. Among our reports of cases will be found many instances in which immediate relief has been obtained, and the power of the disease so broken that in subsequent attacks the pain has been less and less each time and the periods of continuance shortened; and there will also be found reports of complete cures in cases where the torture has run through ten or twenty years.

From all that we know of the action of Compound Oxygen, and from the results already obtained, we are confident that we can permanently cure nearly every case of sick or nervous headache, if patients who come under our charge will faithfully use our Treatment as directed, and continue its use for a sufficient length of time to break up old chronic conditions and establish new and healthier forces in all the vital centres.

It happens in this, as in all other diseases of long standing, that patients, in using any new treatment, look for immediate results, and if they are not seen become discouraged; not reflecting that an enemy which has held possession and been intrenching himself for years can rarely, if ever, be dislodged in a single assault. But if his power can be weakened from day to day under a new array of forces, and by new modes of warfare, victory is assured, though it may take weeks, months, or even longer to dislodge and finally defeat the enemy.

In a recent case which came under our treatment, we have the following report of prompt relief. It comes from a gentleman at Wind Ridge, Pa. He says:

"I had suffered for ten months with a blind, nervous headache, never being over two days without it. I tried different kinds of teas said to be good for headache. Then I used alcohol with different kinds of roots, and also the best of whisky with roots in it, and it did me no good. My head only got worse. At first it would commence, and I would get very cold; also, at the same time, my face would become red and burning. At last it turned to a real sick headache. I was subject to sick headaches when younger. I saw your Compound Oxygen recommended. * * * I commenced inhaling on Wednesday. On Sunday I had a very severe spell of nervous sick headache—got numb. I used the Compound Oxygen for three weeks, and have not had a sick headache since. It has been nearly a month since I stopped using it. I feel very grateful to you for so good a medicine. * * * Also for another painful condition, I feel that three weeks of your Treatment has cured me. I have often had to take morphine. Not a pain any more."

Another patient, in writing of the great benefit received in a case of lung trouble, for which the Treatment was procured, adds:

"But I have realized as much benefit from Oxygen for headache as in any other way. I have had it a few times, but with nothing like the severity that I did before using the Oxygen. It has seemed to break their power very much."

To those who wish to inform themselves in regard to this new Treatment, we will send, free of cost, our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*" and our pamphlet containing over fifty "*Unsolicited Testimonials*," also "*Health and Life*," our Quarterly Record of Cases and Cures, under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves, and open for verification, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,
Nos. 1109 and 1111 Girard Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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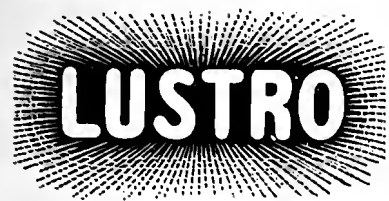
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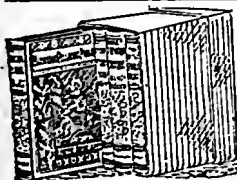
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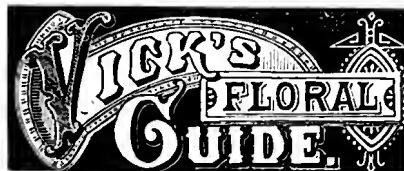
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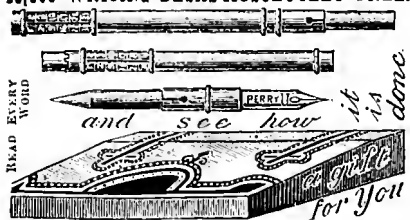
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ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET,

FOR 1883.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enhanced cost of producing the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET in its new and enlarged form, no increase has been made in its subscription rate, which remains at \$1.25 per year, and our specially grown Seeds or Bulbs sent post-free to every yearly subscriber.

CONCERNING PREMIUMS.

As has been before stated, we give no Chromos to subscribers or club agents; no Jewelry or Fancy Goods, but simply Flower Seeds and Bulbs, post-paid; and Cash to club agents who prefer cash to the offers in list No. III., below.

PREMIUMS.

To every subscriber of the CABINET, coming singly or in clubs, we will send as premiums either List No. I. or List No. II., as they may select at the time of sending their subscriptions. List No. I. will, in all cases, be sent if no selection is made.

Either of these lists would cost more at a retail establishment than the subscription price of the magazine.

We wish to state that the Seeds and Bulbs sent are grown expressly for us, are of the very best strains of their respective varieties:

LIST No. I. FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

To every subscriber who does not request List No. II., we mail all these ten papers of Flower Seeds as follows:

Balsam, Camellia-flowered, Mixed Colors.
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Zinnias, " " " "
Ipomoea, " " " "
Petunias, " " " " Blotched and Striped.
Poppy, " " " " New French.

Candytuft, Large Rocket.

(The delivery of seeds will begin in January, 1883).

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Three Bulbs, in three distinct sorts, of American Hybrid Gladiolus, equal to the very best named varieties.

The forwarding of Bulbs will be at such times as the grower deems best for planting in the locality where they are to go.

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To any subscriber sending us a new subscription and \$1.25, we will send one of either of the following as a premium for getting a new subscriber, or to any one sending us five new subscribers we will send six of the following numbers, as they may select, post-free.

1. One large Bulb Lilium Auratum.
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8. One Bulb Lilium Lancifolium Præcox, the best White Lily under cultivation.
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If you see this number of the CABINET, as a new acquaintance, look kindly upon it, carefully note its excellencies as they appear to you, and see if it does not promise 2½ cents worth of pleasure and profit each week of the year. Your name will find a cordial welcome on our large lists, and you will find much satisfaction in the growth of our Seeds or Bulbs, as you may select.

N. B.—Persons unacquainted with the LADIES' FLORAL CABINET, but desiring to try it for a few months, may remit 25 cts. for a three months' trial trip; and at the close of that period a remittance of one dollar will entitle them to the Magazine for the balance of a year, and the premium Seeds, or Bulbs, as they select.

THE "HOME OF WASHINGTON."

The steel engraving with the above title, which has commanded the admiration of thousands, has become the property of the present management of the CABINET, and copies can be obtained through no other channel (except as dealers may buy of us), and we wish to place it in every home where the CABINET goes. It is a magnificent work of art 25 by 36 inches, and its retail price is \$2.00. To every subscriber who remits us \$2.00 we send the CABINET one year and its premium seeds or bulbs, as may be selected, and mail post-free—safely secured on a substantial roller—a copy of the engraving. Any home will welcome it. Any parlor may be made more attractive by its presence.

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